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The Adventure and Entertainment Magazine

THE NET IS CLOSING ON MASS MURDERER MARTIN BORMANN

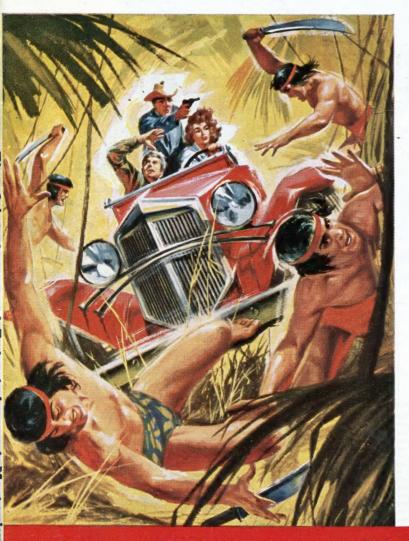
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Exclusive Report

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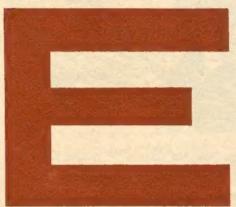
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MENINTERVIEWS



W. SHERMAN BURNS, AMERICA'S DEAN OF INVESTIGATORS

THE PRIVATE EYE YOU DON'T SEE ON TELEVISION

Do blonde, buxom dames in trouble come to him? Can he break the law and get away with it? Does he make enough dough to live like a movie star? Is he a better physical specimen than Mr. Universe? A top man in the detective game takes the stand to tell MEN's readers what it's like to be a real-life Sam Spade

Q. Some people say that with all the new electronic gadgets a detective now uses, the old glamour and individual daring have gone out of the business. Is this true?

A. I don't go along with the statement that there's any glamour in it to begin with. But maybe we're so close to it that we don't recognize the glamour. Anyway, we run our organization like any other business, we try to keep pace with progress, use new methods and new scientific equipment. This is where electronics comes in, of course, and I think it is going to play a great role, especially in protective, rather than detective work, protecting goods and property. So if you think of "electronic gadgets" as unglamorous, I guess the statement has some truth in it.

Q. What kind of guy makes the best "private eye?"

A. That's hard to say. I don't think they come out of a mold. But I suppose any private investigator has to have certain basic qualities, an average I.Q., patience (that's very important), the ability to sift out the important from the (Continued on page 68)

UNDERCOVER EXPERT Burns runs huge Burns Detective Agency set up by his father, a pioneer in investigation field . . .



"The detective shows on TV are a lot of bunk. But for entertainment, I guess they have to do it that way"

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THE LAUGHING PLACE

ON a picnic, little Walter strayed away from his parents and became lost in the woods. He wandered around for a long time and finally, becoming frightened, decided to pray.

"Dear Lord," he prayed as he spread his hands out fervently, "I'm lost. Please help



me to find my way out of here."

As he was praying, a little bird happened to fly over and dropped something squarely into Walter's outstretched hand.

"Oh, please, Lord," he begged, "don't hand me that. I'm really lost."

Stern father: "Say, young man! It's past midnight! Do you think you can stay with my daughter all night?"

Young man: "Okay, sir, but I'll have to phone my mother first."

A big Hollywood star traveling to New York, opened the door of his drawing room and found two very beautiful girls already there. They all examined their tickets and found that the girls had boarded the wrong train. Very upset they asked if they couldn't stay.

"That's impossible," said the actor. "I'm a newly married respectable man, and I can't afford even a breath of scandal. One of you will have to leave."

"Why, I'm ashamed of you, my son," the father screamed at his lazy offspring. "When George Washington was your age,

he had become a surveyor and was hard at work." "And when he was your age," shot back the lad, "he was President of the United States."

Two business partners were fishing in a small rowboat, and suddenly a storm came up. The boat capsized, and while one of the men began to swim, his partner floundered and sputtered helplessly. He was sinking.

"Say, Harold," the swimmer said to the sinking man, "can you float alone?"

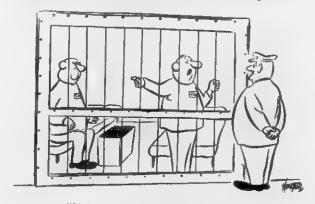
"Look!" said the other. "I'm drowning and you talk business!"

A mobster's son, a contestant on a late lamented giveaway show had progressed all the way to the top rung, and with each correct answer his father shouted, "That's my boy!"

The \$64,000 Question was, "Who shot Abraham Lincoln?" After an agonizing silence, the young man confessed, "I don't remember." The audience groaned—but the father hollered "That's my boy."

"How can you be so happy?" demanded the man seated next to him. "Don't you realize your son has just lost \$64,000?"

"That's my boy!" repeated the father ecstatically. "He never squeal on nobody!"



"Make him stop cheating"

"How is your wife doing with her reducing diet?"

"Great! She disappeared completely last week!"

Do you have an original gag or two? Send it to the Editor, MEN, 655 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y., and win \$5 if he likes it. Sorry, no returns.



MEN DECEMBER 1960





THEHUNT FOR IMASS
MURDERER
MARTIN
BORMANN





AT TOP OF POWER IN 1945, Bormann (above) helped Hitler kill himself, was named in Fuehrer's will as heir to empire

it, and the object of their search is the remaining Nazi fugitives, the clever and cowardly ones, Bormann among them, who skipped out of Germany into prepared hideouts all over the world, with fat bank accounts, false names, total disguises, even with their familiar faces altered by a surgeon's scalpel.

It is a relentless hunt, as the recent capture of "Hitler's Hangman," Adolf Eichmann points up. Wherever he is now, and the best guesses put him behind the Iron Curtain in East Germany or Moscow, or in Egypt or another Arab nation, Bormann is surely not sleeping soundly. He sees in his cracked dreams the face of the avenger who will tap him on the shoulder and call him to his doom, the hauntingly familiar face worn by every man who lived through a concentration camp.

A few days ago, one of these roaming, secretive avengers sat across from me in a noisy Times Square cafeteria. He is a thin, small man in his forties, looking older—sharp-featured and tense as a spring. His loose-fitting suit hides scars inflicted by his Nazi tormentors. He peers at you through sunglasses, even in artificial light, to protect his eyes which have been scarred by lye fumes.

He was introduced to me as Arye, probably an assumed name.

MASS MURDERER

REPORTED ALIVE IN 1952, Bormann was spotted living in Rome monastery disguised as "Brother Martini" (below)



"Who is next on your list, Arye?" I asked.

"One of the biggest swine of them all—Martin Bormann."

I must have raised an eyebrow. "Isn't Bormann supposed to be dead?"

"He would like us to believe that, no doubt."

Martin Bormann, Hitler's one-time deputy: the man whose signature was required on every law; the real power behind the tottering, drug-addicted Hitler of the last days and finally his heir and successor.

While most Nazis victimized Jews, Bormann gunned for Christians. This was his great specialty. For while, he was violently obsessed with the idea of doing away with Christmas. For relaxation he read about the agonies suffered by Christian martyrs. Having a sadist's mind, he enjoyed inspecting Nazi death factories.

Over the din of the cafeteria, Arye told of Bormann's visit to the (Continued on page 52)



DEADLY

BROAD

Her body was a warm, bare promise of pleasure but all she wanted was a good man with a gun. . . .

By O. G. BENSON

ART BY HARRY SCHAARE



SHE was sitting in the office just out of my line of vision, cut off by the door frame. All I could see of her were her legs. Two of the longest, loveliest and most exciting legs since Marlene Dietrich drove the schoolmaster nuts in "Blue Angel."

I went on in and everything that was there waiting to see me lived up to those legs. She hit you like a scented silken whip and it all breathed money. From the straw picture hat in her lap with the tiny white flowers around its wide brim

From CAIN'S WOMAN, by O. G. Benson, copyright @ 1960 by O. G. Benson





THESE CAPTAINS WERE IN THE BATTLE

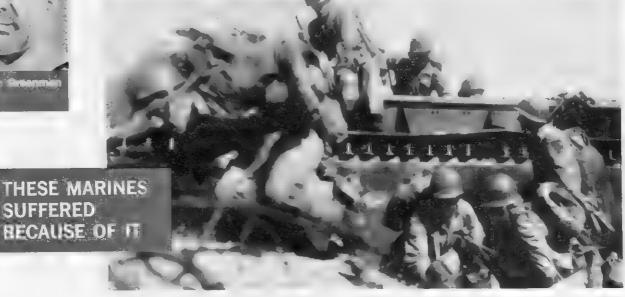
A Jap fleet was swooping down on them, but the flock of fat U.S. warships had blinders on its radar, red-tape stuffed up its guns. Few people have even heard of it, but in this 30-minute holocaust, our Navy took a licking that was every bit as bad as Pearl Harbor.

THE SHAMEFUL PACIFIC MIX-UP THAT COST 3,000 G.I. LIVES

By MARTIN FASS

A SEARCHLIGHT rushed across the dark water of the South Pacific, pinning the cruiser *U.S.S. Astoria* in its glare like a frightened rabbit. There was an instant of curious silence, and then roaring into life, Japanese naval guns hurled two blistering salvos at the American ship.

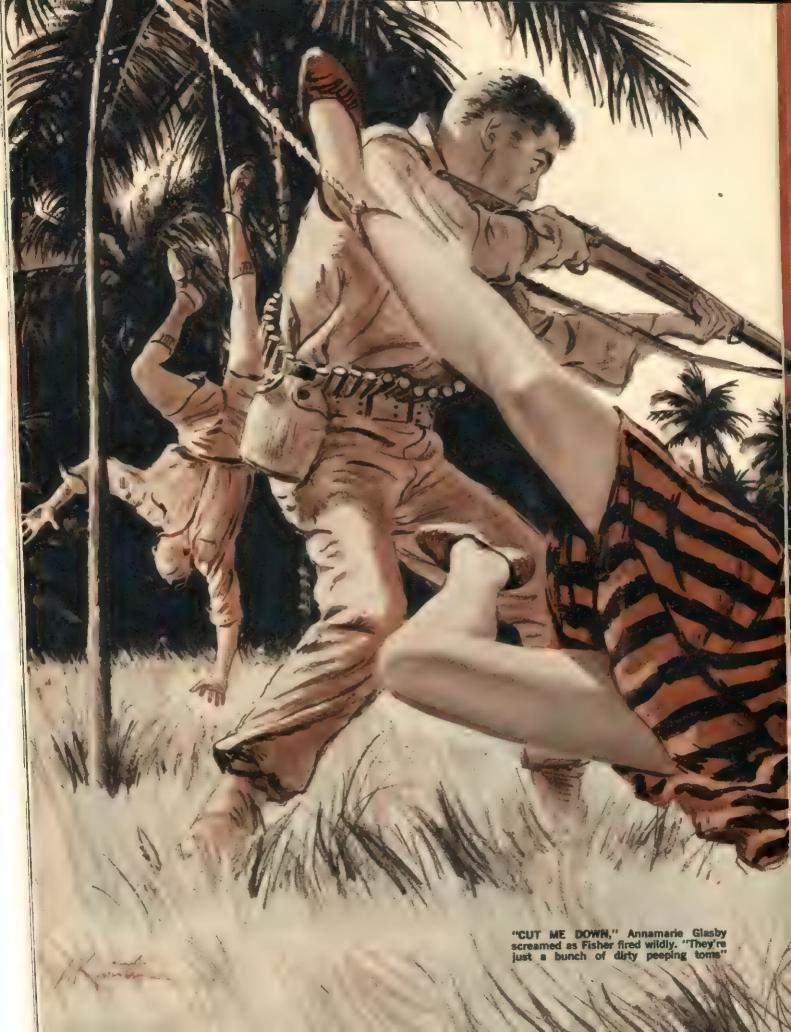
The salvos fell short. On board the Astoria, men dashed to battle stations, but the ship's gunners received no order to fire. More Japanese shells dug geysers out of the dark ocean, closer to the American cruiser. The enemy was getting the range. Still, the guns of the Astoria were silent. The salvos, it was thought, must be coming from a friendly Allied ship which somehow had mistaken the Astoria for the enemy. It seemed (Continued on page 62)



BLOODILY PERCHED on Guadalcanal (above), Marines counted on ships for help, had to face 36,000 Japs who poured onto island after naval defeat

WE
BOUNCED
BACK BUT
TOO LATE

REVENGE FLEET steaming down Solomon Island "Slot" toward Allied ships was sighted repeatedly in sub, planes, ships, but info got snafued in channels and Japs surprised our Navy





HEADHUNTER BAY

Nueva Vizcaya province on the Philippine island of Luzon at a time when the Igorots were hungry for new and unusual heads.

At noon on April 14, 1954, Thomas Glasby was passed out on the dusty road in the shadow of the old, open touring car that was the property of the Welton Mineral Company. His thinning hair was wet with sweat where it touched his forehead, and his fair skin, mottled with the fine blood lines of the heavy drinker, appeared clammy.

Contemptuously, Annamarie Glasby prodded him with her foot. "My husband is a pig,"

she said.

Fred Fisher, the Glasbys' guide on his "sight-seeing" expedition, said nothing. He glanced once at Mrs. Glasby. She made him think of a 15-year-old girl overtaken by womanhood suddenly, before she quite knew how to handle it. Blonde, with arching breasts and a soft-fleshed yet firm body, she had the obvious physical equipment of a beautiful woman, yet it was as if she did not believe this herself. She wore incredibly tight dresses against which the outlines of her figure strained like toothpaste in a tightly squeezed tube, she was careless about pulling her dress down when she crossed her legs, so that Fisher was continually catching views of the dazzling white inside of her thighs, she left the lower buttons of her blouse casually unbuttoned to show inches more of her full, smooth bust than was proper. A fine animal, Fisher thought appraisingly, but not one it would be pleasant to be mixed up with.

"Listen," he said finally, "I think your husband has had enough. Let's head back for

Manila.

"No," she said stubbornly. "I didn't drive 100 miles up into this stinking jungle for nothing. I want to see some excitement, Besides," she added, "what difference does it make if he's passed out in the back of the station wagon or in the hotel?"

Fisher was annoyed. They had been browsing around the jungle for three days at the Glasbys' insistence, or rather at Mrs. Glasby's, so that, as she said, she could see "what the Philippines were really like." What, specifi-



HEAD SEASON for Igorots (above) is in spring, when young male must give freshly cut "trophy" to bride's father

"NEVER MIND SHOOTING THEM," Fisher told her as they roared into the Igorot's patrol. "I'll just pretend they're ten-pins and we're coming down the alley"

cally, she meant by this, Fisher had no idea. He thought perhaps she was just trying to bedevil Glasby, who had not been high on the expedition to begin with and had not drawn a completely unalcoholic breath since they'd left Manila.

With a restless woman and a drunken sot to backstop him, Fisher did not relish bumping into any Igorot, and they were getting close to the tribe's territory. "We'll go back," he said quietly. He was a thick-necked man with flapping ears, skin the color of strawberries, reddish hair that turned white with too much sun, a liking for whisky when he wasn't working and for women at all times.

Annamarie Glasby stared at him, her lips curled angrily. "The company won't like it when I tell them you crossed me up."

"They wouldn't like it if I brought in a big stockholder and his wife without their heads either. Get in the car,"

She crossed her arms and remained standing in the dusty road. Above and around them the tall trees of the Abra Mountains rose over them, closing the road in on both sides like canyon walls. The tops of the trees were still bright-lit. But on the road pools of darkness were already filling the low places. "Make me get in the car," she said, smiling suddenly like a little girl who knows she's being bad.

"Goddamn it," Fisher said, moving to her.

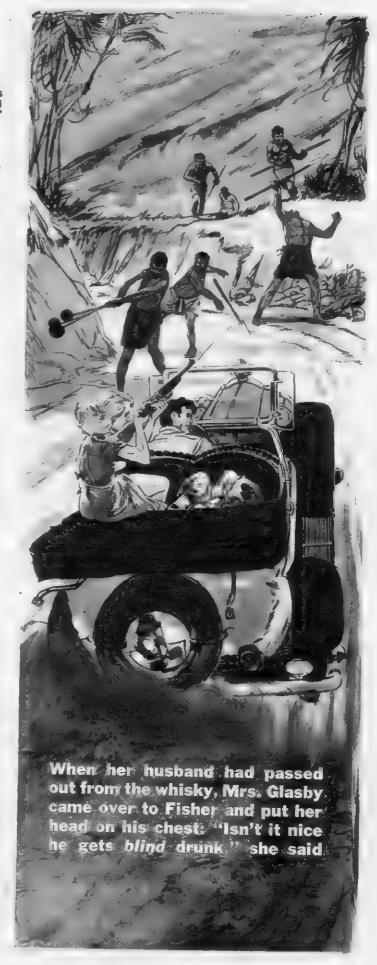
AND then he jerked back and ran around to the back door of the car shaking his huge head in disgust and yelling "Get in the car, goddamn it, get in the car," as he went. He pulled the door open dived onto the leather seat and snatched up the .35 caliber Remington 141 out of its leather pouch, which was strapped to the door. He did not bother to aim. He simply swung the rifle up over the back of the seat, slammed back on the pump lever, and whanged a shot out into the woods, in the general direction of the face he had seen there.

Then he sat still, scanning the leaves, feeling the sweat gather on his forehead. Behind him he could hear Annamarie Glasby bang the front door closed. "You better come over here," he said curtly, "I may need you."

She climbed over the seat into the back beside him. Her arms were trembling and she bent close to him to whisper when she spoke, a little closer than was necessary, so that he could see deep into the valley of her breasts.

"What is it?" she said.

"We'll know soon enough," he muttered. "Somebody's prowling (Continued on page 46)



By LEONARD GRIBBLE



ASSASSINATED Trotsky named the killer with his dying breath

KILL RUSSIA'S NUMBER TWO



ASSASSIN Mornard demonstrated how he did the job with a pickaxe, after earlier agent failed, got "lime burial"

MAN

He was holed up in a massive stone fortress ringed with bodyguards and machinegun nests, but Stalin knew that to sleep easy he had to have this man's head on a platter



ASSASSINATION weapon is held by Mexican police, who proved murderer (below, right) had spent years scheming, seducing, to get into Trotsky's house as "one of the family"

ON might when rain fell with tropic violence on the little Mexican village of Santa Rosa and hissed on the tarmac of the Desert of Lions road, a group of men invaded a house on the village outskirts.

They wore gas-masks and carried large-headed fire-axes. They went into an outhouse that served as a kitchen and let the light from a lantern shine in one corner, where the flattened earth of the floor looked a slightly different color from the rest.

"Take it easy," said their leader. "Don't damage the head."

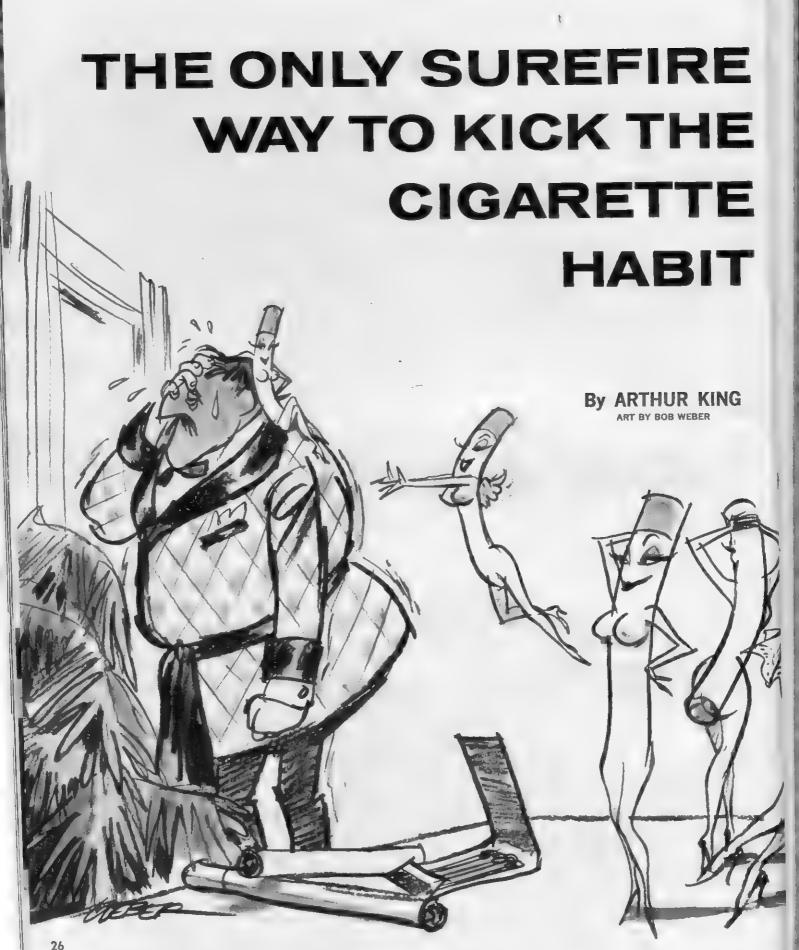
It was past midnight, and the rain's tattoo did not ease. Earlier that day they had stood in the house and observed the different color of the earth in the corner. They had borrowed an axe from a peasant in the village and loosened the soil that had been trampled down. They knew there was n body concealed in the corner. The question was—whose?

They had an idea, but to be certain they had to make sure the corpse's features were not marred by a clumsy stroke from one of the heavy axes. The loosened earth was shovelled away. The pile grew and lengthened. The corpse must be that of a tall person. When they reached the knees the diggers thought they had come to the feet. The tall person was unlikely to be a Mexican.

The diggers had to spade away lime to get at the body of a man almost six feet six inches tall. The features were unrecognizable. (Continued on page 58)



From HANDS OF TERROR by Leonard Gribble, copyright @ 1980 by Leonard Gribble



Louise Dixon



THE
GIRL WHO
STARTED AN
EPIDEMIC





THE GIRL WHO STARTED AN EPIDEMIC

When satin-limbed, sunshinehaired Louise Dixon skipped into London, a mysterious fever immediately swept the city. As she strolled down the Mall, busmen and bobbies staggered from hot and cold spells, uncontrollable sighing and a mad urge to throw up everything and take this 20-year-old sprite off to Patagonia. Talent scouts and TV moguls shot themselves out of cannons trying to sign her 35-21-36 inch loveliness to 50-year contracts. The malady was finally identified as Dixon's Disease. Britishers warn that it may spread to America. There is no known cure.





SHOWDOWN BETWEEN THE TWO TOUGHEST MEN IN THE WORLD

By W. DOUGLAS LANSFORD
ART BY GIL COHEN



One was the meanest, brawlingest s.o.b. in America. The other was a "cutey" who dressed like a dude but had steel in his fists. When they squared off, \$1,000,000 rode on the outcome

THAT late summer of 1892 Benjamin Harrison was President of the United States; Thomas Alva Edison was emerging as the Wizard of Menlo Park; the great steel strikes were on with the Pinkertons and strikers exchanging gunfire; bandits and gunfighters roamed the West and the entire nation stood facing its destiny of greatness as the Colossus of the coming century. There was a hot time in the old land a-building, but

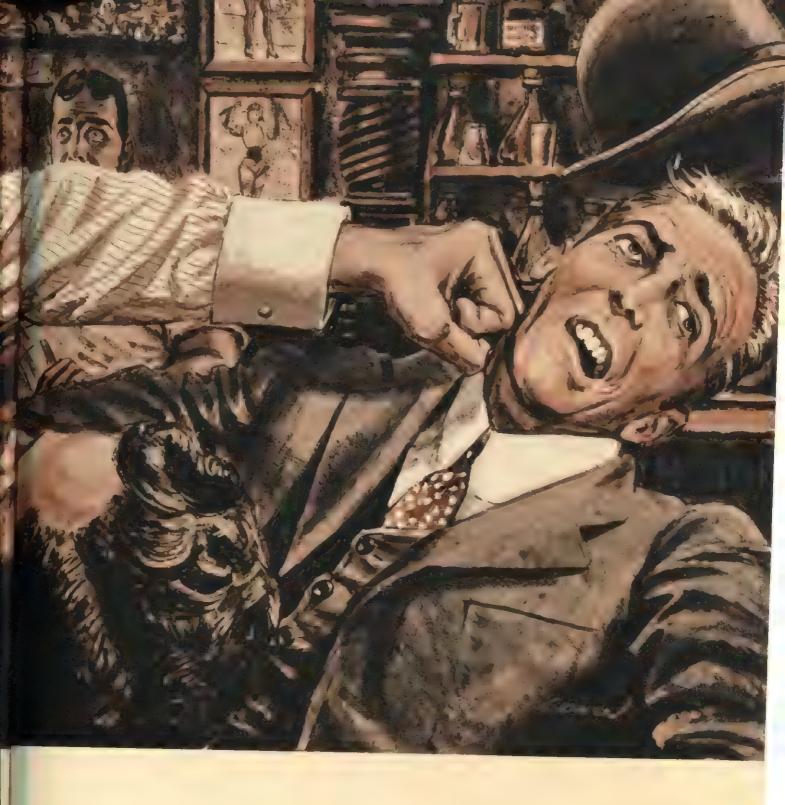
EPIC BATTLES



"FORGIVE ME, GENTLEMEN," the Strong Boy said. "I would take you on one at a time but I have a lady waiting"

SHOWDOWN

"The Dude" heard his friend was betting on the Boston Strong Boy and warned: "I'll win. Reconsider, switch your bet." The friend did reconsider. He went out and bet \$10,000 more on the Strong Boy not half a dozen of the 65 million Americans in the streets would have spared you ten minutes to talk about these momentous affairs, for they were too busy discussing an event of far more immediate importance. And if you had asked what all the excitement was about, any one of them would have replied with an indignant: "What? You ain't heard, sonny?" For, of course, if you were a true-blue, red-blooded American you had heard. "Why old John Sullivan's gettin' ready to knock that smart-alecky bank clerk into a cocked hat!"



Listen. What could be more important? John L., himself, the Boston Strong Boy, the Champion of Champions, the undefeated and undefeatable idol of these 44 United States, was indeed getting set to do just that. And you'd best not ask: "Who's John L. Sullivan?" or "How do you know he'll win?" because that would be plain foolhardiness and an invitation to mayhem. And it wouldn't be just the Irish you'd get it from; nor just the sports around Boston, Chicago or New York; nor just the grown-ups. No sir! Ask the kids

playing kick-the-can or marbles or baseball in any street from Hackensack to Leadville. "Are yuh kiddin', mister? Who's John L.? Why his pitchur off them cigareet wrappers is woith three of anybody elses! An' yuh jes' watch till he gets that bluffer, Gent'man Jim Corbett inna ring . . . Yuh jes' wait! He'll makum wish he'd stayed in San Francisco!"

That was the consensus, all right, for John L. wasn't just another plug-ugly. John was a phenomenon, a hero, an immortal. Battler, drinker, dissipater, (Continued on page 75)

THE STRANGE GIRLS WHO LIVE WITH STREET GANGS

By EVERETT SHINN

The blonde doll who drives a Cadillac with a gun strapped to her thigh, the lost Puerto Rican girl who thinks sex is like saying "hello," the two-fisted redhead who likes girls, too—these are some of the weird "gang wives" who play, fight, kill and bed down with America's teen-age hoodlums

THE peace talks took place on the neutral ground of the Youth Center. The two gang leaders sized each other up solemnly, with the dignity of generals or diplomats.

Hat Man, president of the Barons, was lean, dark, tall and expressionless. He had a "rep" as a lover who used his leadership of the gang to enhance his status with the girls in the neighborhood.

Little A., chief of the Dusters United, was middle-sized, with huge forearms developed by weight-lifting; he had a record, of which he was quietly proud, that included truancy, larceny and armed assault.

The social worker who'd brought these two together to settle a dispute—over who had the right to the territory surrounding a certain used-car lot—was pleased with the way things were going. The worker stepped out of the room for a moment, to give the boys a chance for more informal discussion.

Then, in the door came trouble, wrapped in a package of adolescent blonde curves. The girl's name was Mary Lou, and though only 16 years old, she had a petulant, sensuous woman's face and a bosom that was, in the words of one gang member (Continued on page 70)



MEN'S NEWSLETTER



KHAKI CROWD—Who says we don't have a hell of a lot of worrying to do about the Chinese Reds? The Japs, just 50 years from the day they were opened up to foreign infiltration, were able to completely outclass and swamp a first class power, the Russians, at the battle of Tsushima Strait in 1904. That was without outside help. Imagine what the Chinese Reds, with help from the Russians, and a zillion more people and natural resources, will be able to do in 50 years. Our only hope is they'll be fighting

their Russian neighbors, not us . . . It's anything for morale in our Navy's Polaris subs, ones that have to stay submerged for months. If a man wants his eggs sunny-side-up, by God he gets them that way . . . Rumor gathering weight that many Japanese, former junior officers, now in their forties, have never accepted the defeat of Japan by the Allies, nurse grudges,

can't really be counted on by us in any future war . . . Two things we probably won't have to worry about much in any future war with Russia are bombers and surface vessels. They've simply conceded our superiority in this form of warfare, are sinking all their dough into subs and missiles . . . Navy is really hardpressed to come up with enough Naval Aviation candidates . . . One big question that's never been answered is why didn't we drop the A-Bomb on Germany instead of Japan . . .





PAY WINDOW—These inventions are pretty sorely needed by the National Inventors' Council in Washington: A power source for long-range rockets, a great protective armor for GIs, a way of making spaceships habitable, paper-based material for disposable clothing, a really topflight, efficient tent heater, a gadget to permit the use of cosmic rays in communications or navigation . . . For \$20 a page, there's a newsletter on the West Coast that lets really

TV set out of your house until you get a firm written estimate of the cost of repairs and a written statement there'll be no additional charges without your

Here are some of the reasons you may fail if you start up a small business: 1) Major one is plain old incompetence. You don't belong in business. 2) You have no experience in the line of business you've gone into, belong in another biz. 3) Inadequate sales and a lousy location... You can buy pythons and boa constrictors by the foot, just like lumber, from the great mail order house, Spiegel's, Inc. of Chicago. Python will stand you around \$150-a-foot...





RULES OF THE ROAD—A frequently heard criticism of the compact car: Passing zones and other highway deals are made for larger cars. The headlights are much closer together on compacts, making it difficult for other drivers to judge, at night, their distance from an approaching compact . . . More than four out of five highway deaths result from accidents on two-lane roads . . . Some meatballs argue that speed is plenty damned safe, safer under all conditions than going slow. Ask them if they'd rather drive over glass at 30 mph or 60. Have a blowout at 40 mph or 90 mph . . . Our cars are getting longer, sure, but don't forget they're getting wider, too. And in many cases roads haven't gotten wider; making them more dangerous than ever . . .

EXCITING NEWS A MAN CAN USE



NINE TO FIVE—A line to get into and a racket to stay out of: Head chefs in large hotels earn as much as \$25,000/year. The average actor's yearly income is \$1100... If you want to start up a small biz, these are the best states for it: North and South Dakota, Nebraska and New Mexico. The failure rate in these states is only four to five per 10,000, compared to 52 per 10,000 nationally... Pilots of civilian jet aircraft can earn as much as \$30,000/year... Lot of outfits see how good a man is by secretly spying on his paper clip usage. They figure II he's really liberal with them, uses

them like mad, he's probably wasteful in other areas, too... Some company presidents can't stand a man who putts on a pipe. Especially if he keeps it in his

mouth while he's talking so that you can't tell what in the hell he's saying . . . A new job specialty that's starting up is that of the cash adviser. People seem to have more dough than they've ever had, don't really know how to handle it. For a fee, you step in and handle their money, figure out their taxes, help with their investments, tell them how much insurance they should carry, what kind. Good line II you've a fine head for figures, a pleasing manner . . .





SHORT SHOTS—Producers of great chorus shows all over the world will always insist on having an English girl for "firmness of bosom" and a Dutch girl for perfectly shaped derriere. ... Viennese partygirls now sport a new kind of gown called the "Ejection robe." It's modeled after jet ejection seats, is set up with springs so that when girl is ready to entertain it actually flies right off her. . . . Reason your grandparents looked so nasty in their pictures is that their false teeth were lousy, made them look grim . . .

A great myth in Asia is that you simply can't talk a Geisha into the sack. Simply not true. What is true is that although she behaves impeccably on the job, as an entertainer, after hours is another matter . . . Though the girls in Puerto Rico are taught English, and

able to talk English to you, they make love in Spanish . . . Nudist colonies require their girls to wear bathing caps in pools . . . Companies looking into "orgy pools" now, among employees. They start out as coed car pools, take longer and longer to get to the office, often turn off into sideroads . . . Most women don't care for moustaches, but when you find one who does, she's usually driven berserk by one . . . Gypsy women will never remove their earrings while making love . . . Only about one guy in 1000 who parachutes will ever hurt himself . . . England once had a law putting to death as a witch any woman who lured a man by using fake bosoms or hips . . .





corner saloon—The man with the hangover needs rest, plenty of it, not exercise, and something alkaline to quiet his stomach. Aspirin is good, too, to ease any pain... Vodka, you ought to remember, is nothing more than watered alcohol. By watering the straight stuff on your own, you can cut vodka spending in half... Before long, you may see alcometers at your neighborhood bar, let you know if you can take another beer or whether it'll lift the alcohol in your bloodstream to the danger point... The average adult weighing 150 can drink, with no changes in feeling, a single whisky highball, six ounces of table wine or two bottles of beer. Double the dose and he begins to relax mentally...

(continued on next page)

MEN'S NEWSLETTER

OUTDOOR DIGEST—Some of the small foreign cars have been split in half by deer crossing roads. Deer have continued on, just slightly dazed . . . If you have your choice of campfire wood, your best bet is green hickory, next is oak, the dogwood, apple, alder and fronwoods . . . Locust is one of the best for all-night fires . . . Damned important, if you're in a wet climate, to clean your rifle constantly and then wax it, to chase off rust . . . Story on the leopard is that he'll never attack unless your eyes meet his. When he's discovered

he charges instantly . . Il you so much as twitch your nose at 150 yards distance, you'll flush a turkey and lose him . . . Reason for the \$500 fine Il you tie up to a Federal channel-marker buoy is not that you'll hurt it but that you'll render it invisible . . . Dove will fall for the crudest decoy. Wouldn't fool any other bird, but dove will just sucker right in, no caution . . . The deer has got so much more time than men. Reason hunters lose deer is they're not patient enough to sweat a deer out. They assume a deer they saw run into cover has long gone, then watch it bound away . . . You can always tell if man is experienced hunter if you see him always take the steadiest position before shooting—to kill cleanly, humanely . . .



MUGS, MAYHEM AND MURDER—The saying that money doesn't leave footprints is pretty valid. Only in the Brinks and Lindbergh baby kidnaping cases did the tracing of bills play rather major role in the crime's solution . . . New type racketeers are very respectful of business methods. When beating up a man to shake him down for money, they'll actually stop in the middle and take a coffeebreak . . . About the lowest on the ladder of petty criminals are restaurant-goers who will erase the waiter's writing on a check, substitute a lower figure . . .



The head in the oven used to be a favorite means of suicide, but this was fouled up by the advent of natural gas which can make you sick, but won't asphyxiate you... Only two out of three persons arrested and formally charged with murder or non-negligent manslaughter are actually convicted of either crime...

Only 49 got capital punishment last year and, if all the yapping about the death penalty died down, it would go the way of any outdated idea—like the law that says you can't kiss your wife on Boston Common on Sundays...

SPORTING NEWS—If the guy's right arm is three times thicker than his left, you can tell he works broncos. That's the arm that grips the rigging of the bronc. To go into this biz, you've got to be willing to break your collarbone at least a dozen times in your career. That's the big bronc buster injury . . . Fastest anyone's ever hit a tennis ball is the 120-mph service of Pancho Gonzales . . . The greatest pleasure of defensive linebackers in pro football is to "Red Dog," that is, to knife through the line and haul down the offensive

quarterback... The supposedly secret weight-making trick of Archie Moore: he rises early, chops trees till he's tired, sleeps two hours more, then chops trees till he's tired, sleeps, etc.

For forgetful bettors, who wander off with winning tote tickets tucked in their jeans, the state of Maryland pays off any time up to three years . . . Greatest David and Goliath prizefighter in history was between a 140-pound stripling named Bob Fitzsimmons and Ed Dunkhorst, who broke the scales with his hulking 300 pounds. The winner? Fragile Fitz.



HOW TO KICK THE CIGARETTE HABIT

continued from page 27

following symptoms: (1) Extreme, acute anxiety; (2) Coarse tremors of the hands, eyes, and other parts of the body; Swelling of the hands and feet; (4) Inability to eat; (5) Nausea and vomiting; (6) A sudden desire to get drunk.

It suddenly dawned on me that I had experienced all the symptoms reported by both alcoholics and narcotics addicts during

"withdrawal periods."

If I couldn't quit smoking, maybe I was addicted to smoking, just as much as the morphine user is addicted, or the chronic alcoholic.

FOR most of the people most of the time, I'm convinced, smoking is a boon, not a threat, to human health and happiness. This relatively innocuous habit relieves tension and anxiety for most smokers. And most smokers get very real pleasure from smoking, a pleasure that is immensely valuable in a world that is not all peaches and cream by any means.

It is those persons who have respiratory trouble and those persons who are just plain sick and tired of smoking BUT WHO CAN'T QUIT that I am interested in. I'm interested in providing a method that will enable these persons to quit smoking pain-lessly and happily if and when they want to quit, not before.

And it looks as if I may have stumbled

onto just such a method.

For since Q-Day itself I have experienced no nervousness, nausea, anxiety, or any other form of discomfort due to cigarette withdrawal.

From the morning of Q-Day on it has been as if I—a confirmed smoker of 40 to 50 cigarettes a day for over 20 years—had never smoked in my life!

Just as Q-Day, 1953, had frightened me out of my wits and proved to be one of the worst days of my life, Q-Day, 1954, was one of the pleasantest, most exciting days of my life.

I had a wonderful appetite, and, just like the popular books had said, food smelled absolutely delicious.

Here's how you can stop smoking.

A twenty-one-day period of preparation for Q-Day precedes the actual program of cigarette withdrawal for both Heavy and Addicted Smokers.

It is easy, costs little or nothing, does not involve giving up any except a few "key" cigarettes of the day.

Instructions must be followed to the letter. Read them over, and if you're not willing to abide by the rules you probably don't have enough motivation to make the system work anyhow.

But if you are ready and willing, here goes:

Choose a time for D-Day. The beginning of a long weekend is an ideal time, although almost any sensible time will do. An unsensible time would be a time of anticipated pressure of any sort: important business meetings, celebrations, trips—anything which might divert your attention from the business at hand: quitting smoking.

Having chosen your time, preferably

within three months after first reading this book, you are ready to take the first step of the preliminary period.

A. Exactly 21 days before your Quitting Day, change your brand of cigarettes. It doesn't matter much which brand you change to, but be aware of the fact that you're never going to smoke your favorite brand again. You'll never want to, after you've begun the program.

B. On the same day, Q-Day minus 21, eliminate smoking before breakfast; eliminate smoking for one hour after each meal; eliminate smoking one hour before retiring. This step is extremely important, so we'll make it easy for you. Do these things:

1. Have a glass of fruit juice or glass of water with the juice of a lemon in it readily available upon awakening. Do not have cigarettes available at this time: hide them in the kitchen cupboard or leave them in the car dashboard compartment. The few moments following awakening and preceding your drink of juice are probably the most dangerous of the whole enterprise: you are still half asleep; "will power" is at its weakest. You must not give your strong, long-conditioned, habitual urge to smoke a chance to develop at all.

2. After breakfast and after each meal throughout both the preliminary period and the program proper start a regimen of oral

hygiene:

Immediately after eating, or as soon as you can possibly manage it, clean your teeth with dental floss (or a toothpick, if it will really get all the food out), brush your teeth thoroughly, rinse your mouth, gargle with a 50 per cent solution of hydrogen peroxide and water. You will find that you will not really want a cigarette until your hour is up. You might think you ought to want one, seeing as how you've always wanted one desperately at these times—but you won't. Things are changing. You have begun disassociating the connection between the taste of food and the impact of cigarette smoke on your throat.

3. Now is the time, too, to familiarize yourself with the techniques we shall call, for lack of a better name, "conscious suppression."

WE want you to suppress any idea whatsoever that you might have that you want a cigarette. You do this by thinking of something else. The instant the idea of smoking occurs banish it from your mind. Don't play with it; don't "just try it on for size" for a moment; BANISH IT AT ONCE!

C. Also 21 days prior to Q-Day start a List of Reasons for quitting smoking. This can be done in a notebook or on a sheet of paper convenient to carry with you wherever you go. This list is going to be of primary importance to you throughout the program.

A few suggested categories of reasons are listed below for your guidance:

Physical Reasons. You will feel better in general immediately and will continue to do so as soon as you quit smoking. Your cough will disappear. You will be less short-winded and able to walk up a flight of stairs without that embarrassing puffing. You will have fewer colds, sore throats, and attacks of indigestion.

Appearance. Your complexion will improve; your teeth will be cleaner and whiter than you thought possible; your fingers will look younger and cleaner; your general appearance will be healthier, more virile, more attractive. You won't be burning holes in your best suit any more either.

Financial. There are a startling number of reasons in this category. Not only does a smoker who consumes two packs a day spend almost \$200 a year on cigarettes alone (the price of a couple of pretty good new suits), doctor bills, bills for medicating that sore throat, reweaving costs for those holes in your clothes—these things mount up into important money. Incidentally, your life expectancy probably is going to be higher when you quit smoking—even if nothing else matters to you!

Personal. This category has to be up to you. Dig deep for reasons, and remember that no one but you is going to see the list. For instance, one ex-smoking addict confessed that he listed one reason for quitting as "having enhanced sex appeal in respect to bobby-soxers" (as a matter of fact, your sexual prowess probably will be increased, due to your sudden resurgence of both physical energy and psychological confidence).

D. Two weeks previous to your Quitting Day change your brand of cigarettes again, this time choosing the brand you like least but which will stave off actual craving and nervousness. Continue all the other stipulations: the oral hygiene, the short periods of abstinence, and the compilation of your list of reasons for wanting to stop smoking.

E. Seven days before Q-Day change to the mildest cigarette that will stave off craving and nervousness, and continue all the different stipulations of the two preceding weeks.

HE next step for the Heavy Smoker to take is as follows:

Obtain, from any reputable druggist, a supply of

(1) Five caffeine tablets.

- (2) Ten antihistamine capsules (or tablets or pills, it doesn't matter). Consult your physician or druggist for the best type for you to take in the dosages suggested here.
- (3) Twenty-one throat lozenges, of the type designed specifically as aids in tobacco withdrawal: "End-Habs," "Bantron," "No-Tobac," or others.

(4) Twenty-four "Flavettes," or similar product. A different type lozenge for alleviating the desire to smoke.

None of the above articles requires a doctor's prescription. They may be purchased over the counter in any state of the Union.

The big difference between the Heavy Smoker and the Cigarette Addict is pointed up dramatically by the fact that these non-prescription drugs are never adequate for the Addicted Smoker. He requires more potent medicine.

The next step for the Cigarette Addict is to obtain from any reputable medical

MEDICINE MEDICINE

DOCTOR TESTS SURVIVAL IN ARCTIC - Dumped in the snowbound Arctic wastes, a civilian doctor went through a grueling three-day ordeal to test survival techniques for the US Air Force Alaska Command. He concluded that plane crash victims who are in shock were probably better off eating their rations immediately, rather than conserving it for the tremendous effort needed for such chores as gathering wood or building signals in the snow. Getting water was his greatest major obstaclewhich he overcame by melting snow. Concerning fire, the doctor said the main value of a blaze was psychological-the physical benefits being minute as the survival clothes provided sufficient warmth.

HOMOSEXUALITY SPREADING VD-Out of 170 men who were diagnosed as having syphilis in Los Angeles, 159 were induced to identify their sexual partners of the previous three months so that they, too, could be treated. Eighty-nine, who were homosexuals, were more promiscuous, as they averaged more than six different partners during the three month period; while the heterosexual 49 averaged not quite three different partners. The Los Angeles statistics, borne out by health departments in other states, seem to indicate that homosexuality among males is probably the dominant factor in the spread of syphilis.

WHAT ARE THE ODDS ON YOUR BEING SICK?—If you could pick 100 men at random and run them through a battery of doctors, chances are that more than 90 of them would be found to have something wrong with them. During the last 12 years, researchers at Tulane University have examined over 10,000 people between the ages of 30 and 50. A shocking 92% were discovered to have some disease. The report may well become the basis for a closer physical check for everybody.



New secrets for snow survival



Frightening facts about physicals



Curious quirk of a woman's eyes

"I CAN'T SMELL A THING!"—How many times a year have you or one of your friends come up with that remark, while in the throes of a cold in the nose? Actually, the popular notion is all wrong, according to a doctor who conducted a study of men with running noses. Take it from the Oklahoma physician, your powers to smell and identify correctly increase as your nose lining becomes red, wet and slightly swollen . . . conditions that occur when you have a cold. Poorest odor-detecting performances are turned in by those men whose membranes are dry, pale and shrunken.

DIRTY MESS KIT DETECTOR-Every ex-combat veteran will remember the three GI cans full of steaming water that stood next to each field kitchen set-up. To fight the battle against coming down with diarrhea, it was necessary to run your mess kit in and out of the three cans in an effort to wash off any grease that might be coating your eating utensils. And no matter how conscientiously you scrubbed, there never was any real assurance you wouldn't be laid up with the runs, anyway. Too bad they didn't have the chemical powder recently developed which, when sprinkled over dishes, causes them to turn red should they contain the slightest trace of grease. Here's how it works: sprinkle the powder over the dishes, then rinse. Should there be any grease, protein or starch film on the plates, they will tint a deep red.

EYES ON THE BLINK—There are several obvious differences between a man and a woman. One you might not have thought of is the fact that man blinks his eyes on the average of once every three seconds, while a woman does it every four. This has nothing to do with being tired or wide awake—it is just the body's involuntary means of protection, as every blink cleans and rests the eyes. With each blink, tears are forced across the cornea and if they were collected, they would add up to man third of a dram every hour.

doctor a prescription for the following drugs:

(1) Five Dexedrine tablets, 5 mg.

(2) Ten phenobarbital pills, 1/2 gr. Plus items 3 and 4 listed for the Heavy Smoker: lozenges ("End-Habs," "Bantron," "No-Tobac," etc.) and "Flavettes."

From here on out the two therapies are the same, with the all-important exception that the Heavy Smoker uses caffeine and antihistamines and the Cigarette Addict uses dexedrine and phenobarbital.

The pills (antihistamine or phenobarbital) are in the nature of sedatives; they counteract, to an almost exact degree, the jitters which you'd get from tobacco withdrawal. The tablets (caffeine or dexedrine) are, on the other hand, stimulants and serve to jounce you out of your mildly drugged sleep in a hurry during those crucial few minutes when your will power is functioning at its lowest efficiency.

One other preliminary step:

Prepare a rough "data sheet" of your own, using pencil and notebook or sheet of paper, whichever is most convenient. Starting on Q-Day, jot down a numbered series of observations of exactly what is happening to you. How do you feel? What thoughts are passing through your mind? You will become both experimenter and guinea pig doing your own experiment. This eliminates the feeling that "things may be getting out of hand". You'll be in complete control of yourself and your experiment at all times.

A word of advice on the matter of drinking alcoholic beverages during the program. Ideally we suggest that you abstain completely for this 21-day period. Any drink, even wine or beer, is for most smokers a

signal for a cigarette.

In respect to food in general, eat anything you like at mealtime only. Once the program proper gets under way, the pills and tablets you'll be taking regularly, plus the lozenges and "Flavettes," will adequately assuage your appetite for food as well as for cigarettes. Food, like wine, beer, and liquor, tends to excite the desire for smoking, for a variety of reasons. This includes coffee and tea. So, once again, don't make it hard on yourself!

Now comes Q-Day itself. Don't work yourself into a lather thinking how tough it's going to be; think of how much excitement the next few days hold for you! This is not a case of "conning yourself into a deal" either. It's not going to be tough.

Don't make a big deal of this last day of smoking. Smoke as much as you want up until an hour before bedtime; throw the rest of your cigarettes away; drink your juice at bedtime; place your morning juice at bedside as usual—and turn out the lights and go to sleep.

"Q-DAY"-Wake up! You've got nothing to do but have fun today. Whatever you've planned for the day is well deserved and you'll make up for it a thousandfold as you begin to feel better and have more time and money to spend. You haven't been smoking until an hour after breakfast for three weeks now: that much of the habit is already broken.

To tell the truth, the worst is already

When the time comes for that afterbreakfast smoke we're going to start taking precautions to make sure that no craving

starts and that no nervousness occurs. This will be done partly by drug substitutes, partly by your own "psychotherapy."

Don't drive or operate dangerous machinery today.

Here's your schedule:

On awakening: fruit juice. Take the first of your pills, (one) antihistamine or phenobarbital. This will forestall any nervousness. Read list of reasons,

BREAKFAST: oral hygiene as usual after eating.

One hour after breakfast: take one lozenge. This will obviate the local (throat) discomfort you have thought of as "craving."

Two hours after breakfast: take one "Flavette": to sustain your throat condition. (No "craving.") Make notes on data sheet.

LUNCH: oral hygiene as usual.

One hour after lunch: take one pill. Read list.

Two hours after lunch: take one lozenge. Three hours after lunch: take one "Flavette." Make notes.

DINNER: oral hygiene as usual.



"I love mashed potatoes"

One hour after dinner: take one pill. Read list.

Two hours after dinner: take one lozenge. Three hours after dinner: take one "Flavette." Make notes.

BEDTIME: take one pill with juice. Read list. Make sure list, juice, and one tablet. (caffeine or dexydrine) are readily available at bedside. Sleep like log.

THE SECOND DAY-Upon awakening take your caffeine tablet with your juice and read your list.

Today is to be exactly the same as yesterday except that you will eliminate your first sedative pill. You won't need it; these drugs are slightly cumulative in effect, and you'll be even calmer than you were yesterday at the same time.

Be sure to read your list and continue your data sheet. Don't forget the all-important "suppression" technique. The notion of smoking, or "trying on the imaginary feel of a cigarette for size," is taboo.

THE THIRD DAY-Feeling better all the time? Thought so!

Today is going to be exactly the same as the second day except that you will climinate your after-luncheon sedative pill-for the same reason as before: you won't need it, and we're beginning to "taper you off" the drugs just as we tapered you off the cigarette smoking.

You might have had some interesting dreams the last couple of nights, so don't forget to include them in your data sheet.

Doesn't food taste wonderful?

THE FOURTH DAY-That's right-everything the same as before except that after-dinner pill: don't take it.

You should be fairly astonished by now that things have been so easy. Are you noting all this down on your data sheet?

One of the items that consistently showed up on the data sheets in the early experiments was the first "thrill" experienced. It usually runs something like this: "I really am going to make it!" . . . "If it doesn't get any worse than this, it's going to be a breeze!" . . . "I can go on like this for-ever!" . . . and, more often than not: . . Thank Heavens! I've got it made at last! What a relief!"

How about you?

Stick to the system though. You've got a while to go yet.

THE FIFTH DAY-You won't need any sedation at all today.

Eliminate your bedtime pills and you're off all the drugs as well as the tobacco.

Not only do you not need further sedation because of its cumulative effect, but the conditions favorable to withdrawal tremors are beginning to subside. You're becoming "de-cigarettized" just as the alcoholic usually becomes de-alcoholized after four or five days of treatment.

This doesn't mean that your organism is altogether back to normal, however.

Just keep on going from day to day. Don't get too excited; don't let yourself get bored either.

THE SIXTH DAY-Take your last eyeopener tablet. You won't need either caffeine or dexedrine any more since this was mainly to temporarily counteract the effect of the sedative pills upon arising.

Today you can rely entirely on the throat lozenges and "Flavettes." Your previously assimilated drugs plus your decreasing need for tobacco will level out comfortably as far as nervousness is concerned. Jitters are no longer a problem.

Today, too, your head is going to become even clearer and your general energy even greater. Hold 'er, Newt!-don't get too wild and rambunctious!

Enjoy your new life-it's like a real "rebirth," isn't it?-but try to remain reasonably calm, cool, and collected. Your new exhilaration is going to taper off somewhat just like your craving for cigarettes did, and you don't want to find yourself a month from now with a mountain of new projects undertaken when you felt like moving the world or revolutionizing the front office.

Just take it easy a few more days and you're on your own.

THE SEVENTH DAY (AND THE NEXT FOURTEEN DAYS)-Today you start cutting down on your lozenges at the rate of one a day. Eliminate the lozenges first, then the "Flavettes," until, on the eleventh day of the program, you wake up and have nothing left to take.

Read your list, make your final notes on your data sheet while reviewing your program of the past five weeks.

And you're just about through. You're now an ex- (or recovered) Cigarette Addict, or Heavy Smoker, as the case may be. Glad? You bet you are. It wasn't bad at all either, now was it?

THREE AGAINST HEADHUNTER BAY

continued from page 23

around in the jungle out there. If they want us, they won't bother to leave a calling card. They'll just start filling us with arrows." His eyes still on the leafy, faceless jungle wall, he pumped the rifle again. "Can you shoot?" he asked.

"A little," she whispered.

He handed her the rifle. "If you see anything move, fire. And keep firing. I've got to get that drunken bum into the car." His words weren't going to win him any pats on the back from the company gods, but he didn't care. He was angry at the Glasbys for getting him into this stupid mess. Carefully he scanned the jungle once more, and then keeping his head low, he opened the door, slipped out and crawled over to Glasby.

He was still out cold, a thin snore whistling in his nostrils. Quicky Fisher bent, grabbing the man's shoulders, and hauled him half erect. He reached for the door handle.

THEN the gun whanged again. At nearly the same instant a heavy spear bounced onto the dirt three feet from him and slithered snakelike up the road. Fisher snapped his head around. Down the road about 50 yards three Igorot natives stood. Even at the distance he could make out the blue mottling tattooed to the skin of their cheeks. They were naked except for loincloths, and they carried spears.

"Fire again," he screamed.

"I don't know how to work this thing," Annamarie shouted back. There was terror in her voice.

Swearing, Fisher heaved the dead weight of Dr. Glasby's body into the front side. Then he leapt in and slammed the door. He did not bother to move Glasby, but simply sat down on his legs. And a moment later he was grinding on up the road, his head bent low over the steering wheel.

The Nueva Vizcaya province of the Philippines lies in about the center of the main Philippine Island, Luzon. It is some 100 plus miles from Manila. For the most part it is mountainous, reached from the north by sections of both the Abra and Sierra Madre Mountains. The mountains contain some minerals, including manganese, the product which Fisher's company, Welton Minerals, Inc., produced.

Frederick Fisher first saw the island of Luzon from one of General MacArthur's assault boats. That was on January 29, 1945, when the U.S. Army, as MacArthur had promised some four years before, returned to the islands. Fisher, a 25-year old lieutenant then, had come through the worst of the South Pacific campaigns with nothing more than a mortar shrapnel wound in the fleshy part of his back. Also on the credit side, he had a pile of back pay which he wanted to spend as fast and furiously as he could.

The war over, he decided to stay on in Manila for a while and got himself mustered out there. The first day he was a civilian again, in September 1945, he put himself up in a two-room suite in the Nacional Hotel, laid in three cases of bourbon, bought two \$200, pre-war silk suits that had miraculously survived the Japanese occupation in the rear room of a patriotic

tailor's shop, and took a walk down Manila's streets waving 50-dollar bills at every pretty girl he saw.

In ten minutes he collected four, plump, eager, 18-year-old American-loving girls, but none of them blonde, and this gave him a pang until he had an inspiration. He guided the fluttering, giggling girls, who seemed like a flock of plump pigeons, with 50-dollar bills clutched in their hands like large bread crumbs, past the amused, tolerant eyes of the guests in the Nacional's lobby and up to his room. Then he raced out again to the temporary PX which had been set up four blocks away in an old warehouse and bought four large bottles of peroxide. Back in the room, he had a wild time turning all four into the most completely blonde "Scandinavians" on the island.

The girls, whom he named New York, Chicago, Denver (his home town) and Hollywood, stayed three nights, drank the bourbon as though it was Coca-Cola, took so many baths and showers that the other guests complained, and gave Fisher more enjoyment than he honestly felt \$200 should entitle any man to. As he said later, "those lovely dolls taught me everything I know about everything."

After that there were more girls, more parties, until he saw that his money was running out. A little panicky suddenly, he acquired, in quick succession, a one-truck trucking company that hauled freight from Manila to Naga on the southern end of the island, a one-caterpillar construction company that built a few roads outside of Manila, and a lumber tract in the Cabantuan area that he stripped bare in three months. None of these enterprises gave him the kind of profit he hoped for. Hard up for cash, he took a job in 1951 with the Welton company as overseer of native labor and general troubleshooter.

T was in the last capacity that he had been given the job of entertaining Glasby and his wife. Thomas Glasby had inherited from his stock-broker father a large piece of Welton stock, and maintaining the value of this, as well as other stock interests he held, was Glasby's sole occupation. He was known to be difficult to handle when sober, querulous and wanting his own way, and impossible when drunk.

He had gotten off the plane at International Airport drunk and continued drunk for three days. All the while Annamarie Glasby had needled him. She never let up: would he stop drinking, would he please show her a good time, would he please act like a man. Furthermore, Annamarie had made it quite clear to Fisher that her handsome young body was available. Some ten years younger than her husband she soon let him know that (1) she had married Glasby for his money (2) she was fed up with him, and (3) she needed new men like other women need new dresses.

Fisher found her exciting but the situation got on his nerves, and finally in desperation he agreed to Glasby's suggestion that they visit Nueva Vizcaya to look at one of the company's mines. He figured the oneday trip might take Glasby off the sauce for a while, and would tire both of them out so that they might want to leave Manila. Then Mrs. Glasby insisted that it become a three-day sight-seeing jaunt and Fisher could not talk her out of the idea. Fisher wanted the trip to be on a tight, business-like basis. But it hadn't worked out that way.

On the day they left, he planned an 8:00 A.M. start but the Glasbys didn't come down from their room until ten, and then Glasby drank three whiskey sours in the Bayview Hotel bar. Fisher drove for two hours, paying as little attention as possible to the bickering of the Glasbys in the seat behind him. They carried on a running feud, in which the lines had long since been carefully worked out. "How many sours did you have this morning?" she said wearily.

"None of your business," he said.

"How soon will you pass out then?" she asked sweetly. "I'd like to know so I can make an arrangement with Mr. Fisher."

"Cut that talk out, Annamarie," he said.
"Go-" The rest of her response was whispered so that Fisher could not hear.

By noon Glasby was taking nips out of a pocket flask and Mrs. Glasby's taunts had become more bitter and more obvious, even going so far as to mention Glasby's physical defects as a man.

It had gone on like that for two days and two nights.

BY the third day, Fisher had nearly reached the edge of his tolerance and had trouble in keeping himself from exploding in a shouting storm of anger and frustration.

They stopped for lunch in a clearing beside the road. Hauling the picnic basket out of the back, Fisher carried it down to the clearing, which sat in the center of a grove of palm trees. The grass was soft, and they sat and ate. That is, Fisher and Annamarie Glasby ate. Glasby produced a pint of whisky from his jacket pocket and began belting from it at a good pace.

Halfway through the meal he suddenly excused himself. "Gonna go lie down in the car," he said, and lurched toward the road. Fisher rose to help him but Annamarie laid her hand on his arm. "Let him go."

"He's liable to get hit by a truck," he said

"Never mind," she said. "It would serve him right." She paused to light a cigarette. "You don't suppose there's a nice soft spot on the grass back there by those trees, do you?"

"For Dr. Glasby?"

"Don't be silly," she said.

He stared at her. The V of her blue and white print blouse was cut low, wide at the neck, and her body spilled out of it, looking as white, cool and smooth as marble, and Fisher could almost feel the texture of it cupped in his hands. She was unquestionably a lovely woman. But he shook his head. "It's against company policy to sleep with stockholders' wives."

She stared at him insolently, "I could get you fired, you know."

"You don't like men very much, do you?"

"Most men, no. But I don't know you very well. There's still a chance."

And suddenly Fred Fisher thought: the hell with it. She really deserves a roll and Glasby's probably used to it by now. "All right," he said curtly. "Let's go."

She smiled sardonically. "Shouldn't we digest our dinners?"

He stood. "Make up your mind."

She stood. "I made it up yesterday," she said.

One thing about it pleased Fisher. There was no pretense with Annamarie Glasby. As soon as they located a piece of grass safely out of sight of the road she simply took off her clothes, working with a kind of controlled rage at the buttons and snaps, and flinging the garments into the grass as she undid them. Dressed she was pretty; naked, she was magnificent. Her breasts were unsagging and her extremely thin waist swelled suddenly into hips curving like pears into soft thighs and slim calves. Roughly he pulled her close against him, and then swinging one arm down under the bare backs of her knees, lifted her from the ground and laid her down on the grass. The flesh of her thighs was soft and silken to his touch. She cried out only once: "Damn you," she said, "you could have gotten to this the first day."

In this world, money like Tom Glasby's still buys a lot of happiness. . . .

It was after this that they had found Tom Glasby passed out by the side of the station wagon; and then the Igorots had fired on them.

It was nearly full dark. The sky above was still touched with light, but Fisher was driving with headlights going. As he pushed slowly up the curving mountain road he kept his eyes on the forest line alongside, looking for the telltale motion that would indicate the ambuscade. Once, a couple hundreds yards above him in the jungle he saw lights, but he could not tell what they meant.

And then suddenly Tom Glasby woke up. "Stop the car," he muttered thickly. "I feel sick."

Cursing, Fisher slammed on the brakes. With awkward haste Glasby pulled himself erect, swung the door open and lurched out into the brush alongside the road. "Stay right by the car," Fisher shouted.

Either Glasby, in his whisky fog, did not hear or he was imbued with a ridiculous sense of modesty. In any case he began fumbling into the foliage by the road, and disappeared. In the growing darkness a little light filtered through the trees but in an hour that too would be gone. Fisher became grim. "I can't let him go out there," he said. "Wait in the car."

Annamarie touched his hand. "Let him go," she said.

"Do you want him to get killed?" he said roughly. "Get out of the car, you'll have to come with me."

"I'd rather stay here," Annamarie said. He grabbed her by the arm, pulled her roughly out of the car, and said: "The hell you would. Listen, maybe you think you can flash your legs at those spear boys and they'll just fall down for you, like every other man, but that's not the way they operate. For them, you're just something that'll make a good trophy to hang on the wall." Still holding her arm, he snatched up the Remington from the rear seat, then pulled her after him as he set out into the brush. "I can walk," she said. "Let go of my

arm,"

"Okay, but stay close behind me. It's pretty damn dark,"

In the dusk, the jungle was hard going,

but Glasby, staggering and crashing through the foliage, had broken a trail and Fisher was able to make out which way he had gone. He was beginning to feel quite nervous. He clutched the rifle tighter, hearing Mrs. Glasby's panting breath as she hurried close behind him, and bulled through the thick wet brush and leaves.

And then suddenly he stopped. Twenty feet ahead of him in the dark, beneath a huge banyan tree, the bulky figure of something stood out in the dark. It looked like a man, and not like a man. And then as he looked Fisher realized that the figure was three feet off the ground, twisting and turning in mid-air. His hackles rose, and a chill swept his spine. "For Christ sake," he said, and snapped the Remington to his shoulder. "Glasby?" he whispered.

The figure went on doing its dance in the air, and groaning feebly. Fisher paced forward slowly, keeping the rifle high. And then as he came within five feet of the midair dancer he realized what it was. Glasby was dangling upside down from a rope attached to a branch of the banyan, muttering drunkenly and waving his arms about. Plainly he had stepped into a native spring

Coming in January Men:

OUR NAVY'S KILLER COWS

Ever since the Hindenburg crashed, the value of gasfilled, airborne cows has been questioned. Still, the U.S. Navy continues to use them. They are, the Navy says, excellent for rescues at sea. Yet, after the most recent cow crash off the New Jersey coast, the Navy sent helicopters to search for the blimp's crew. In an exclusive report, MEN rips the lid off our Navy's continued use of this airborne killer - EXCLUSIVE, DRAMATIC REPORT IN THE JANUARY ISSUE OF MEN.

trap, the kind used mostly for the wild pigs of the Philippine mountain.

Fisher ran toward Glasby, pulling his knife from its belt holster. He had gone five yards when he heard a sharp scream behind him and before he turned, he knew what he would see: Annamarie Glasby also dangling upside down from a rope.

The scream continued, ended on a wailing, lower note, and then he heard Mrs. Glasby's terrified, muffled crying, like the bleating of a sick dog: "Help me, Fisher, get me down, help me."

The trap rope was wound around her left ankle and she was upside down, so that her blonde hair fell like a waterfall that almost touched the ground, and her skirt hung over her face, deadening her voice as she cried. As he ran toward her, Fisher realized that he was looking at the point where the elastic lace edges of her panties cut red lines into the fleshy upper part of her thighs.

He was still 10 feet from her when he saw the Igorots. There were eight of them that he could see, standing still as statues in the dusky woods in a semicircle around them, the nearest one about 15 yards away. In the sudden shock, he did nothing, then he

raised the rifle to his shoulder and aimed a shot at the nearest one. It missed but the Igorot ducked down and started backtracking away from them. He heard Mrs. Glasby moan and then he saw more of the natives materialize out of the gloom, until finally they were massed in a solid unyielding cordon around them, perhaps 30 in all, and he knew it was useless to either fight or run.

"Don't move, anybody," he said, "we've been invited to tea," and then he realized that the Glasbys were certainly not going anyplace.

He stood up, made a great show of throwing the rifle to the ground in front of him, then moved swiftly to Mrs. Glasby. When the natives did nothing that would amount to an objection to this action, he grabbed hold of her shoulders lifted her body up, and supporting it against himself, cut her down,

The Igorots were slowly closing the circle around the three whites. Fisher reasoned that they knew their captives could not break through and escape, so they did not mind him cutting the two snarled people down. He walked over to Glasby, and saw that he had thrown up. Streaking his face with vomit. When he cut Glasby down, the man moaned softly and slumped to the ground.

They were taken to the Igorot village, set in a clearing, or more accurately a pair of clearings side by side, like the eye pieces of binoculars. The clearings were joined by a small path. In the larger of the two, at the left as Fisher approached it, were a half dozen bamboo-and-thatch huts, conical in shape, and lit up by a large fire flaming in the center of the village.

The other clearing was smaller and surrounded a large banyan tree. Perhaps four feet from the ground the tree forked out in a pair of trunks which spread farther apart as they rose up. The lower branches of the tree had been stripped off so that the trunks rose bare to a height of 30 feet. About halfway a small platform about four by four feet had been set in between the forked tree trunks. A knotted vine ladder hung down from this, providing access to the platform.

It was to this tree that the Igorots conducted their prisoners. As Fisher stood at the bottom, staring up, a curious feeling of awe infected him. The tree, set apart from the rest of the forest, obviously had some symbolic meaning to the Igorots. But he had no time to speculate. A moment later two or three of the natives were shoving him roughly up the vine ladder. Then a couple of the natives hauled Glasby up after him and thumped him down on the small bit of platform.

Glasby was coming around. He was still drunk but as he leaned against the bole of one of the trees to which the platform was attached he opened his eyes and stared straight out into the jungle. His face was flat white and a cold sweat, compounded of his hangover, and his fear, wet his vomit streaked face. After awhile he spoke. "What's going on?" he said.

"I don't know," Fisher said. There was little enough room on the platform, but he managed to kneel at the edge and stare at the scene below.

A group of Igorots, presumably the best part of the village had surrounded the base of the banyan tree. Some carried flaming gumwood branches to supply light. They were naked, except for loincloths, and in the huge black-shadowed light created by the torches, the bare breasts of the women stood out prominently.

Two of the women were holding Annamaria Glasby in the center of the circle near the base of the tree. Like her husband, her face was white, and her eyes closed in fear. From out of the crowd three young men appeared, carrying long poles, some two inches in diameter. Now a rattling music began. From the sound, Fisher judged it to be made by dried gourds. The three young men put down the poles, and stepped up to Annamarie. At once they laid their hands on the neck of her blouse, and as if at a signal, tore the garment from her body and tossed it off onto the ground.

Annamarie screamed and opened her eyes. The three men seemed immune to the sound. They continued to strip her, methodically tearing the remains of her clothing off. She did not scream again, but with eyes closed, began to whimper softly. Red welts began to show on her body where the clothing had snapped against her skin.

AT the sound of his wife's screams Tom Glasby sat up straight. "What's happening?" he whispered.

"They're stripping her," Fisher said.

"Will they rape her?" He did not look at Fisher, but continued to stare off through the iungle.

"I don't know,"

Suddenly the women who had been supporting Annamarie let go of her. She stumbled backwards and fell to the ground, where she sat, head tipped forward, her hands over her face. Now the three young Igorots picked her up roughly and carried her to the banyan tree. They tied her feet together at the ankles and then set her up in the crotch formed by the forking of the two trunks. The loose ends of the rope binding her ankles they fastened around the twin trunks, effectively strapping her in the fork so that she was standing parallel to the line of the tree trunks.

Glasby was almost sober by now, his face tinged with green with fear and sickness. "What will they do?" he whispered.

Fisher shrugged. "I don't know. Kill us for our heads, more than likely." He himself had the lemon taste of fear in his mouth.

Glasby looked around. "We could jump from here."

Fisher shook his head. "Those boys would spear you before you hit the ground."

Glasby paused. "Perhaps if one of us jumped, the other could get away."

"Go to hell, buddy," Fisher said. "You got us into this; I'm not going to make the sacrifice so you can go home and drink yourself to death in five years."

Glasby said nothing, but looked embarrassed. "I don't blame you," he said. "It was a lousy thought."

Glasby sat back on the platform. "They'll kill her, won't they?" he said dully.

Fisher shook his head, and said nothing Below he could hear Annamarie whimpering again.

And then Glasby kneeled up, bringing his face close to Fisher's. His eyes were bloodshot from drink and his skin was almost waxen yellow, and soaked with sweat. "Fisher, I'm going to jump on them," he said.

"They'll kill you before you hit the ground."

"I know," he whispered. His jaw trem-

bled as he spoke. "They'll catch me on their spear points." His eyes were on Fisher's face, but they were unseeing. "There will be a moment when—when the spears are in my body. If you jump right after, you'll have a chance with them. Grab the gun, kill them, and get Annamarie out of there."

Fisher was astonished. This act of bravery coming from a drink-sodden playboy was beyond his understanding. "No," he said. "Wait. Maybe we can think of something else."

Glasby shook his head slowly. "She'll be dead soon. They will bleed her like a pig."

And of course Fisher knew he was right. It was the only chance and yet, he could not believe Glasby would do it. He touched Glasby's arm. "You don't have to do it," he said softly.

Glasby just shrugged. "I don't have to, but I'm going to. But promise: I'll give my life for you. You must risk yours for Annamarie."

"I will," Fisher said.

They shook hands and Glasby crawled to the edge of the platform. His arms were shaking wildly, and his eyes were opening and closing rapidly in fear. He turned to look at Fisher. "My God, I'm frightened to die," he said. He paused and sat up. "You know," he said softly, "I've got a powerful self-destructive streak in me. It accounts for the drinking. You would think I would want to die. But I don't really."

Fisher slipped to the edge of the platform beside him and lay flat. Glasby stuck his head over the edge and shouted: "Hey down there."

The Igorots looked up, raising their spears, and began to curse him. They were about three feet away from a point directly under the platform. Glasby yelled again. They pointed their spears up at him. Glasby closed his eyes. He was kneeling at the edge of the platform. And then he relaxed his body and began to sway forward, as if hinged at the knees. His upper body went out over midair, his arms dangling loose at his sides, his eyes still shut. Just as his knees slipped over the edge he said softly, "Oh God," and jerked his arms across his face in a useless protective gesture.

And then Fisher jumped. In the air he heard the Igorots grunt as the weight of Glasby's body slammed down on their spear points. They toppled backwards, Glasby on top of them, the spears thrusting up three feet out of his back. Fisher hit the ground and sprawled out.



The rifle the Igorot had been holding had spun out of his hands. Before Fisher even rose from where he had fallen he had it in his hahds. He did not want to fire, for fear of arousing the village. He simply grabbed the barrel and drove it as hard as he could into the face of the nearest Igorot, feeling with pleasure the nose and chin buckle under the weight of the thrust.

Now the other native was struggling to his feet, his spear still sticking out of Glasby's back. He was half rising, jerking a knife from his loincloth, when Fisher's rifle, swung like a baseball bat, caught him at the side of the neck and slammed him sideways to the ground. Fisher dropped the rifle and leapt for the knife. With a quick gesture he jammed it into the Igorot's Adam's apple. Then turning, still crouched down, he sliced the other Igorot's throat from ear to ear.

A moment later he had slipped the poles out of the tree trunk and slung Annamarie over his shoulder. And then he ran. He still looks a little astonished when he speaks of how fast he ran through the jungle with the weight of the woman over his back. But then he was thinking of nothing but running. He charged down the little trail out of the clearing, his feet pounding on the dirt, the brush and foliage slapping him in the face and arms. Once he stopped to get his breath for a moment; and then suddenly startled by a noise in the jungle which might have been pursuers, but was probably only the cough of a jungle hog, he ran on again.

In five minutes he reached the car, flung the naked, almost unconscious Annamarie Glasby onto the seat, and making a U-turn in the road, gunned on back the way they had come. He did not stop until he had reached Manila. It was dawn by the time he came into the city, but still he was so full of nerves that he was not sleepy. He took Annamarie Glasby to the San Lazaro Hospital, and then he proceeded down Rizal Avenue to San Maccelino Police Headquarters. Only then, after questioning, did he go home to sleep. He slept for 24 solid hours.

Fred Fisher is now back at work—not much marked by his experience, which he tells sometimes when he's had a good many in some Manila bar. He cooperated, of course, with the Philippine Constabulary in searching for the Igorots; but of course when the Constabs reached the village, the natives were gone. And a week later, two local Nueva Vizcaya girls were found decapitated on a mountain trail some 20 miles to the north.

Annamarie Glasby came back in the United States two weeks after the incident. She was quite changed, dressed rather sedately and spoke of the incident softly and with much reluctance. She bought a small home in the suburbs of Houston and lived there quietly until two years ago, when she died in a head-on car collision on Route 40 outside of St. Louis. At her death, she was making her annual pilgrimage to the Glasby family plot in Forceman, New Jersey, where she had had this tombstone erected:

THOMAS H. GLASBY 1921-1954

ERECTED BY HIS LOVING WIFE IN MEMORY OF THE BRAVEST MAN SHE KNEW

At this writing, a campaign for the breakup of the Igorot tribes is in progress, but it is not given much chance for success.

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-What Dealers Say

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B. Chileett (N. Platte), Dura-clean say gross \$9.00 per hour. I gross up to \$12.00.

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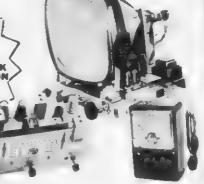
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THE HUNT FOR MARTIN BORMANN

continued from page 14

mous Dachau punishment camp. One summer day in 1943, Bormann swooshed up in an armored, black Mercedes-Benz car nearly a half block long. He was dressed in riding breeches, his usual getup, and in his right hand he clutched a riding crop.

For the amusement of visitors like Bormann, the commander of the camp had a regular Cook's tour worked out. He first would give his guests a glimpse of prisoners in huge halls marked "Showers." Then he would take them to the furnaces where the bodies were burned. The tour would be rounded out with a look at the loot, the barrels filled with gold fillings pulled from the victims' teeth, the cartons of women's hair.

As a final treat, just for laughs, the touring big shot would meet some future customers for the ovens.

THE prisoners exhibited in this horror circus were always the same and Ayre was one of them.

"It kept us out of the ovens for a while," Ayre went on. "But Bormann's visit seemed to ring down the curtain, for me at least. After the commandant had introduced me, Bormann pointed his riding whip at me and said, 'Don't forget to put this filthy pig on the train.'"

Two days later, a nearly endless row of cattle cars rumbled on a special track into camp. Ayre was one of several thousand prisoners who were jammed and locked into the cars.

The prisoners became hysterical almost at once. The floor of each car was covered with a white powder.

"That's to make things more sanitary," a grinning guard had explained.

The powder was lye. Drawing moisture from the perspiring bodies and the air, the lye became slithery and started to fume. As the train sped across Germany, the lye ate through the prisoners' shoes, peeled the flesh off their bones and burned their lungs. The train of agony kept going nonstop toward the east. It was shunted in great haste around major stations, so the screams of the tortured would not be heard. Finally, it halted at an unused piece of track somewhere in Poland and was left standing for several days, till the silence of death

had settled over the train.

"When the doors were opened," Ayre went on, "the bodies were in layers, the way they had fallen. Those at the bottom were jelly. Among the ones on top of the pile there were a few survivors. Some played dead and escaped a bullet in the neck. I didn't have to play dead, I was as good as dead.

"When I came to, lumps of dirt were dropping on my head. I was being buried in a ditch with hundreds of corpses. It was pitch-black. No, it wasn't just my eyes—they hurt, but I could still make out the torchlights of the diggers. When they stopped and lined up for their ration of rum, I crawled out of the ditch."

"The train was Bormann's idea?"
"Probably, since he mentioned it. At any
rate, as a government official he was re-

sponsible. The night I climbed half-blind out of that corpse-filled grave I swore Bormann would pay for his crimes. But I never would have thought that I, personally, would be hunting for him."

"But didn't the West German government declare him dead in 1955?"

"Do they have his body?" Ayre exploded. "Where is he buried? Can they tell me how he died? They know nothing. There is only a single lying Nazi witness who claims to have seen Bormann dead, lying in the rubble of Berlin. Bormann is alive. We have proof he is. And after many years of searching and talking to thousands of people, we finally know where to look for him. I'm not permitted to say more."

Abruptly, Ayre took leave and disappeared in the Times Square crowd, off on his mysterious hunt.

As hunters go, he is a lucky one. He was one of the members of that small band of Israeli avengers who tracked down Eichmann. Like Bormann, Eichmann was supposed to have been dead. But there the similarity stops. Eichmann was just a blood-dripping punk. Bormann, on the other hand, had been clad in the purple and pomp of power. Acting head of state at the time of Germany's collapse, he had been named Hitler's sole heir and the reigning emperor of Naziism.

Bormann mysteriously disappeared from the burning city of Berlin in May 1, 1945, carrying in his pocket Hitler's last political testament, a message addressed to Nazis and Fascists everywhere.

"It's a message of hate," a friend of Ayre's told me. "It keeps ticking away like a time bomb. Waving Hitler's last testament, Bormann could become just the symbol for the Nazis to rally around. That's one of the reasons we have to get him."

When Bormann received this document from Hitler, the end of the Nazi empire had come. Just as a formality, Hitler decided to marry blonde-haired Eva Braun, his "sweetheart" of many years. For this occasion, Bormann acted as best man. After the wedding, he put on a quiet celebration for the couple in the deep, cement-shelled bunker which became Hitler's home when Allied bombs began to level Berlin. Bride and groom seemed bewildered and lost. Hitler talked nostalgically about the old days, while the bride stared blankly at the bunker wall. Only Bormann seemed to be both aware of the reality of the moment and capable of acting upon it.

After the wedding, the "best man" ordered 50 gallons of gasoline for Hitler's funeral pyre. If he had been an undertaker all his life, instead of a man who made corpses, Bormann couldn't have operated with greater tact and discretion. When Hitler indicated that the time had come, Bormann graciously shut the door on the couple so that the mustachioed madman could shoot himself and his adoring wife could follow into oblivion by taking poison.

Waiting outside the door to Hitler's room, Bormann read, sipped some brandy, walked stiffly up and down the confined space, always, however, keeping a careful eye on his watch. When 30 minutes had passed, he set down his brandy glass and went inside to have a look. Everything had gone according to the plan which had been agreed on. Mr. and Mrs. Germany were both dead, Hitler with his brains spread over a pillow, white-fleshed Eva tumbled next to him, her dress pulled up to expose her sagging white thighs.

For Bormann, there were the last details to be carried out. He wrapped Eva in a blanket and lugged her outside where he handed her to one of the Fuchrer's bunker guards. Then he instructed another guard to carry out Hitler and to dispose of both bodies by pouring the gasoline over them and setting them afire. In the bright orange and green blaze, they cooked as thoroughly as any victim of the Reich's efficient incinerators.

So the wheel had come a full turn. Hitler was nothing again, as he had been before he catapulted himself onto his mad throne. And still alive to watch the Fuehrer turn to ashes was his most trusted disciple, Martin Bormann.

Who was this monster man who drank brandy while his "adored" leader shot his head off? Certainly, if this was a crime, it was the least of Bormann's. His career as a mass-murderer started on a cold night in 1919, when he was barely 16. Dressed in a torn overcoat, he stood before a barred basement door in a small German town and tapped out a code message with his knuckles on the freezing wood.

"Come in," a contralto voice called from inside the door. At the same instant, the door swung open and the room's occupant stood revealed. He was Captain Gerhard Rossbach, a homosexual and leader of one of the more powerful and efficient of the hundreds of gangs which were tearing up Germany.

Rossbach's was called the *Freikorps* (free corps). It was a clandestine, semi-military outfit of "patriotic" toughs, supposedly rebelling against the depressed conditions which had afflicted Germany as a result of her defeat in WWI and the tough terms imposed on her by the Versailles peace treaty. Mainly though, the gang members were simply hoodlums at loose ends looking for kicks and cash.

AT the same time as these military groups sprang up, Hitler was organizing his National Socialist Party, later to be called the Nazi party (from the German pronunciation of the word "national"), but it was not until a couple of years later that Bormann's path was to cross that of the Fuehrer. In 1919, in fact, as Bormann stood in the doorway, shivering with cold, he had not even heard of the Austrian housepainters.

"Come in," Rossback said, dressed as always in tight-fitting riding breeches. As the tall, blonde-haired Bormann brushed past him, Rossbach gave him a hungry, leering look. Apparently, he liked what he saw. "You'll do," he said.

Bormann was in—except for the formalities, which followed immediately. One of Rossbach's aides, invoking all the bearded Germanic gods, stepped up and swore Bormann in. Then in a quick stroke he slashed Bormann's right cheek with a razor, dipped a pen in the dripping blood and made Bormann sign "this pact with the devil." The mixture of gore and mumbo-jumbo was right after Bormann's heart.

So was the job he was assigned to. With



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a bunch of goons, he would wait at factory gates and attack workers with clubs, rocks and broken bottles. Working men were considered the firmest support of the budding German republic, which the free corps men were sworn to destroy.

Bormann made a hard-working, dedicated slugger. As he was also one of the captain's pets, he had no trouble advancing quickly in the ranks. Soon he was dressed up in a uniform adorned with Rossbach's family crest and he was allowed to go on the gang's night-riding forays. Free corps men were forced to live off the land and the loot they took was their reward. They ripped into any prospereus farm or village and just helped themselves to goods, cash and women in the name of fervent German patriotism.

In a letter to his buddy Von Epp, later General Epp, Bormann described what a great life it was:

"If I were to tell you everything you probably would think I was a liar. It's excitement all the way. We grab what we want. If a chump as much as looks sideways, he first gets the rifle butt and then is finished off with a bullet. Why, we even shoot the wounded. No pardon is ever given, and that includes the girls.

"First we take them, then we brain them. When we're through with a place, we put the torch to it. We often have trouble with the trucks breaking down under the mountains of loot we cart off. . . ."

By attracting every robber, killer and sadist, the free corps movement kept growing and Bormann found himself in numerous company. At the same time, Hitler's own party, also dedicated to smashing the Republic, was experiencing a parallel growth. But it would be a few year's before the Nazis would become big enough to swallow all others and become the vehicle for remaking Germany in its own demented image.

Meanwhile, Bormann and the rest of the free corps boys went on spreading terror to all parts of the country. By 1923, there were some 80-odd free corps outfits on the march, each numbering between 1500 to 2500 men, and gutted houses were a common sight everywhere in Germany.

Like any self-respecting blackguard, Bormann had to have one spectacular murder to his credit. A golden opportunity soon presented itself. Walter Kadow, the treasurer of the Rossbach corps, was spending too much time in expensive brothels, bought too many fine silk handkerchiefs and similar dodads. Kadow's final mis-step came when he was unwise enough to show off to his buddies his second-hand convertible complete with all four wheels.

Bormann made such a noise about it that Kadow was called before the gang's secret tribunal sitting in an abandoned wine cellar.

"Apply the thumbscrews," the judge called to his aides.

By the time Kadow's fingers were squashed to a pulp he admitted stealing more money than there had ever been in the treasury. That convinced the tribunal somehow that Kadow was telling the truth after all and an acquittal followed.

The only one who was deeply disturbed by the lenient verdict was Martin Bormann. Though why is a mystery, since he was the only other member of the outfit to have treated himself to a vehicle with four wheels and an engine that occasionally ran.

"If the court doesn't think he is a thief, I

do," he ranted. "Kadow must die."

And die he did. One evening, as he leaned over a wash basin in his apartment, a shot from a Mauser pistol took half of his soapy face off.

"I punished the thief," Bormann announced smugly. "The honor of the Rossbach free corps demanded it."

With a killing behind his belt he became a feared big shot, heiled with respect by his fellow corpsmen.

But this was 1923, not 1919. The temper of the world outside the freebooters' outfits had changed. Not much, but enough so that one morning a heavy fist drummed on the door of Bormann's furnished room.

"Open up-polizei."

He was arrested and taken to court, not for his freebooter's activities but for the murder of fellow hood Walter Kadow. Sentence: 12 months, not a large price to pay.

Prison was no hardship. If he felt like having a girl, he only had to say whether he wanted a fat blonde or a skinny brunette.

Coming in January Men:

THE STRANGE GIRLS IN THE LAST GREAT BAWDY HOUSE

Wild, weird, wacky dolls, they figured their profession was as much of a calling as medicine or the pulpit. They took on all comers for a price and if a man got mean or drunk, they had their own special way of dealing with him. When you read about their incredible exploits, you'll know why a man could do worse than wish for the good old days-RIP-ROARING ENTERTAINMENT IN THE JANUARY ISSUE OF MEN

Food came from a restaurant in town. Company was congenial.

Most fellow prisoners were followers of the hysterically bellowing demagogue named Hitler. Holding forth in a beerhall at Munich, Adolf had incited his Nazi crew to vicious street riots in which hundreds of people were maimed or killed. The Rossbach free corps had operated in parts of the country where the gospel of "Naziism" hadn't yet penetrated. This was Bormann's first chance to find out about it.

His chief preachment was "Exterminate Jews, gypsies and Christian preachers." And, revealing the scope of his ambitions, "Germany today, the world tomorrow—Aryans and Nazis of all nations, unite!"

Bormann lapped it up. Not that the free corps hadn't subscribed to such ideas but the tone was fresh and bold and fanatical. He joined the party.

When his year was up and he breathed free air again he found that the Nazi fortunes had suddenly dipped very low. The police had hauled off Hitler himself. For inciting those beerhall riots, he was handed a five-year term. Though he served only a little more than eight months, his grand strategy plans were upset for the time being.

Bormann, too, was at loose ends.

One night, lounging in one of the Nazi hangouts, he watched two stormtroopers brought in, dripping blood. They had been manhandled by bystanders when they attacked a news dealer selling an anti-Nazi paper. Seeing the boys with their pulpy noses and dislocated jaws wrenched Bormann's heart and gave him a bright idea.

He took the brainstorm to Adolf Hitler in person. He pleaded that something should be done for the men who risk injury if not death in the daily street battles.

"We ought to have an aid fund to take care of those valiant fighters or their families in case anything happens to them," Bormann cried.

Hitler was carried away with emotion—he was a sobsister at heart. Forcefully he pumped Bormann's hand to show his appreciation. "Yes, yes," he said. "We ought to have an aid fund, and maybe a pension fund. But how do we get the money?"

Bormann lowered his voice to a confidential whisper. "Easy. Just like in the good old free corps days. We just asked for a thing and if we didn't get it we took it. There are plenty of industrialists and other rich people who are eager to finance us, just to be in our good graces."

Hitler pumped Bormann's hand some more. The job was his. And what a job it turned out to be! Nearly every bit of blood money he or his underlings collected was extortion money. To take a cut was only natural. The big shots, too, got their share for keeping both eyes shut. And as the whole business wouldn't have stood an official investigation, hardly any books were kept. The system was foolproof. Bormann soon bought the first of his many black, long Mercedes-Benz cars.

As time went by it turned out that things in Germany were not really settling down.

In January, 1933, Adolf Hitler grabbed the government amidst a welter of doublecrosses, fraud, blood, war whoops, smashed shops, cracked skulls, threats, all-around chaos and just plain insanity.

A new job soon loomed up for Bormann. Like the ratpack they were, the Nazis had split up in groups plotting each other's murder. The most powerful of the feuding gangs were the homosexuals, grouped around potbellied, loudmouthed Captain Ernst Roehm.

At a banquet Roehm announced to thunderous applause:

"The homosexuals are the best among the young men because they are the most valiant. That destines them to rule the country!"

Nazis who still liked their women and their girls ran scared, and that included Hitler himself.

One day Bormann, in his quiet, discreet way, drew the Fuehrer into a heart-to-heart talk.

"It's Roehm or the rest of us," Bormann started. "He plans to overthrow the government."

Bormann spread before Hitler duplicates of secret instructions Roehm had sent to his henchmen and fellow "dear boys" in various parts of the country. On a certain day, they were to strike a synchronized blow, murder leaders loyal to Hitler, occupy the radio stations and broadcast an announcement that they were taking over the government.

Hitler, the story goes, turned white. Most of the plotters were old friends, like Roehm, who now were shamefully betraying him. But there was worse. Roehm was the founder and commander of the SS and SA.



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the Nazi shock and elite troops, and they were loyal to him. In a crisis, they would probably take orders from Roehm, not Hitler.

Bormann, once more, came up with an answer. The way to proceed was to get Roehm and his chief supporters before he got a chance to stage his uprising.

Hitler appreciated Bormann's calm and seeming good sense.

"You work this out," he said. "Then get in touch with me."

Bormann spent the next few months laboring over the blueprints for what would become known as the "night of the long knives." He made up a minimum list of 1800 to be shot, knifed, strangled on the spot, and a second list of 5200 to be sent to concentration camps. Roehm was among the first, Bormann's old protector Capt. Rossbach among the second. D-day was June 30, 1934.

The week prior to the big event Bormann was quietly buried in other innocent paper work. Hitler, on the other hand, scurried from city to city, tearfully embracing traitorous old friends soon to be bumped off. D-day saw him retrace his steps, this time pistol in hand, screaming insults and accusations, personally making arrests, shouting "Fire!" to execution squads and trying to be in five bloodstained places at once. The anti-Roehm action was a rousing hit.

"I will never forget what you did for me," he told Bormann. "Never, never."

Bormann was beginning to appear at Hitler's side at public gatherings. Photographers were warned to watch out. Bormann didn't mind whose picture they took as long as it wasn't his. He cared for power but not its trappings. He hated publicity. Possibly that old hunch was astir in him that someday he may have to take it on the run.

As Bormann kept growing in importance, Rudolf Hess, whose deputy he was, kept slipping. In 1939, when Hitler unleashed the most fearsome of all wars, Hess had sunk to addressing ladies' coffee gatherings.

S TILL, as long as Hess was alive, Bor-mann's advance was stymied.

Wasn't there a way to get rid of him? Bormann played on his neurotic unhappiness about having turned out to be such a dud. Drop by drop he instilled subtle poison into his boss' ears. To recoup his position and self-confidence, Bormann needled, he would have to do something dramatic and spectacular, something which would instantly focus the world's attention upon him. Hess loved to fly—why not fly to England? True, the countries were at war by then, but he would bring a message England might welcome.

"And what's the message?" Hess demanded to know.

"If they sack Churchill and get a Nazi type government we won't have to wipe them off the face of the earth."

That sounded clear and logical to Hess.

One day he took off in his plane. Welcomed by English peasants armed with pitchforks, he landed in jail for the duration.

The one and only obstacle to Bormann's further career was removed. Stepping into Hess' shoes, he was named Hitler's deputy, chief of the Nazi party, with the rank of general—just about the most important man in the government. As a sign of his new power, he was permitted to build himself a lair in the Bavarian mountains where Hitler

and a few other chosen had their private retreats.

One of the features of that big shot haven was that the houses, though miles apart from each other, were connected by secret underground passages. As soon as Bormann joined the network, Goering plugged the passage which connected his own with Bormann's place and laid in an arsenal. So did Bormann. But they were good friends still.

Now that Hess was out of the way, Bormann was prepared to tackle the rest of the crowd. It was like taking on a zooful of tigers armed with a stick.

Bormann did it in his own quiet, indirect way, little by little isolating Hitler from the old "fellow fighters," then from the generals and finally from everybody, Bormann excepted.

Hitler once said, "Only Bormann can present a matter to me in five minutes in such a way that I can make an immediate decision. Any of my other ministers would take four hours."

Bormann did the trick with mirrors. He oversimplified facts, held back unfavorable war reports and disguised the extent of the damage done by Allied air raids. Hitler could always count on his "faithful Bormann" to make him happy.

Hitler still dreamed of victory when he was long licked. Bormann simply hadn't told him that the last ammunition factory had been blown up by American planes.

By April 1945, Hitler was holed up in the deep underground bunker beneath his pompous marble chancellery. Hitler didn't know the chancellery was now in ruins. Bormann hadn't told him.

Hitler was counting with fanatic's faith on an army commanded by General Wenck to throw the Russians back from the gates of Berlin. But there was no army and Wenck was dead, killed in an air raid. Bormann didn't tell him this, either.

The bunker was a scene of wild hysteria, futile rushings back and forth. Meanwhile the guards upstairs were putting on a drunken orgy with a roomful of naked women, celebrating the coming of the peace in their own mad way.

What was Bormann doing? He was in his own bunker quarters methodically recording for posterity everything that was being said and done. After a day of further waiting he finally told Hitler that Berlin was completely surrounded. Unless he wanted to be exhibited in a Russian freak show, he had better die by his own hand and have his corpse destroyed to keep it from being kicked and spat at like Mussolini's.



"You're not fooling me—I know you were out whooping it up last night."

Since "faithful Bormann" said so, Hitler accepted the fact that he had to go and he did the job more efficiently, with Bormann's aid, than most other things he tried. Bormann, too, decided that it was time to disappear. The air was thick with Allied bullets. Besides, Hitler had designated him as his successor, keeper of the holy grail of Nazidom. Bormann put a copy of Hitler's last will in his pocket and went on his way.

Several other bunker holdouts joined him on his trek out of the flaming city. One of these was Hitler's former valet, Heinz Linge. Linge later said Bormann had climbed into a German tank, which exploded a few minutes later. "Bormann was killed," Linge said. "I saw it with my own eyes."

Hitler's manservant was a liar. He had seen nothing. He had been blinded by the tank explosion, and did not regain his eyesight until several weeks later.

OTHER witnesses say Bormann never got into a tank, but walked a stretch of subway tunnel, finally reaching a safe part of the city.

A former German army major, Joachim Tiburtius, joined Bormann for part of the way.

"He had as good a chance to make an escape as I did," Tiburtius told this writer a few years ago in Switzerland.

There is one dissenting voice. Arthur Axmann, the violent, vitriolic leader of the Nazi Youth movement, told American army interrogators that late on that night of May I he had accidentally come upon two bodies on a rubble-strewn street. One of them, he says, was Bormann's. But asked whether he saw blood or injuries, he reported that neither of the two seemed hurt. If he saw them at all they probably had been resting. He admits the surroundings had been perfectly peaceful at the time.

So the story of Axmann isn't really acceptable either.

Is Bormann dead or alive?

At the Nurenberg War Crimes trials Schwerin-Krosigk, a minister in Hitler's last government, said of Bormann, "That man is what I would call 'the surviving type.'"

H. R. Trevor Roper, the British intelligence officer who for years probed the mystery of Bormann's disappearance says, "People don't just evaporate, even in the midst of a catastrophe."

Did the Soviets get Bormann? Maybe. But if they did he planned it that way. According to Schwerin-Krosigk, "faithful Bormann" had secretly sold out to the Russians two years before the end. Top-ranking Nazis who returned from Soviet captivity in 1955, told that Bormann was working for the Soviets in communist East Germany, running intelligence errands for the Kremlin in the Arab countries where his Nazi background would make him highly popular.

According to other versions he is actually living in Egypt and Kuwait, acting as an advisor to the governments of those countries.

The news of Eichmann's capture may have made him think of the bad old bunker days. Only this time he is all bottled up with only two choices left. One is to do as Hitler did. The other, if Ayre and his friends have their way, is to wait till he becomes an exhibit in a freak show, one which would be abruptly terminated by the sudden tightening of a noose around his bullneck.



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KILL RUSSIA'S NUMBER TWO MAN

continued from page 25

down and cut away a portion of the dirtmatted hair covering the top of the head.

He took it outside and standing in the downpour washed the hair in one of the puddles that had formed. He inspected the result in the light of an electric torch.

The hair was red.

The police chief knew the identity of the man lying in that concealed grave. He was Robert Sheldon Harte, who had disappeared some time before from one of the most curious domestic establishments in Mexico, the fortress home of Leon Trotsky, the man whose death was planned by the agents of the Russian G.P.U.

ROTSKY, Lenin's partner in the incredibly successful experiment of revolt against the Romanovs in the middle of a disastrous war, had lived long enough to learn that no man is indispensable to his fellows, and that very often men of action and prominence become liabilities to those who advance in their footsteps. With the death of Lenin, the opportunist Stalin took over, and prepared to break down, piece by piece, Trotsky's rank and standing with the vast majority of Russians. The drama of the feud between the two men had lasted for years. The first act finished with a challenge in 1923, the second when Trotsky was arrested in 1929 and banished to Turkestan. The last act had begun with Trotsky an exile and a fugitive, chased by G.P.U. agents across Europe. Finally the man most hated by Stalin arrived in Mexico, was given refuge and guarded. But the last act of the world-wide drama was reaching towards a new climax.

The G.P.U. had made an attempt to assassinate Trotsky.

The Americano with red hair lying in some lime tossed under a kitchen's earthen floor in a country district had been involved. Just how deeply the Mexican police were not sure. They believed that Robert Sheldon Harte, the man who had posed as Trotsky's friend, had been one of the G.P.U.'s international agents. They believed he had allowed the assassins entry.

Afterwards Trotsky would not agree. Sheldon Harte had vanished after the shooting, but Trotsky believed the man he had called friend had been kidnapped.

It is just possible both Trotsky and the Mexican police, believing differently, were both right.

Trotsky was living in Coyoacán, near Mexico Cíty. He had a villa that was built around a courtyard in the Spanish manner, and in the courtyard he kept his tame rabbits, of which he was very fond.

Trotsky devoted his days to writing a

Trotsky devoted his days to writing a critical life of the man who had ousted him from power after Lenin's demise. He had his followers. The old intellectual still could appeal to like thinkers, and he could continue to give their world-scattered energies direction.

So the ukase went out from the Kremlin. Leon Trotsky must be assassinated. He must no longer exist to embarrass the Kremlin men and their steel-fisted leader.

Trotsky, thousands of miles across the world, was a burning-glass bright with the

rays of a sun that had set. His light and his fire had to be quenched. Trotsky had to become a memory.

So the far-flung agents of the G.P.U. went to work. Expense was no object, nor was distance or time. Nothing was allowed to be an object in the path of assassination.

The Trotsky household in Coyoacán was unique in many ways. There the exile lived surrounded by a specially picked bodyguard of adherents. The doors giving on to the tree-shaded courtyard were guarded. Shutters encased the windows after dark. Masons had lifted the level of the already tall surrounding wall. At the corners, which had clear view of the approaches to the villa, turrets had been erected. In the turrets were machineguns. Day and night the guards were on duty. Trotsky knew the Oriental mind of the steel ruler in the Kremlin, the thought processes that worked in it. He had to make a show of strength.

Secretly he hoped it would be enough.

Also secretly he feared it would not be. In the villa with the armed turrets he lived with his devoted wife Natacha, known to the world as Nathalie Sedova. He had a secretary. His servants were screened by the armed members of the Fourth International who were his permanent bodyguard and made up his Court. The majority of them were Americans. He had picked them personally from the many who had volunteered to serve the old master in the days of his declining fortunes. Those he had taken into his home were believed to be incorruptible. Indeed, Leon Trotsky the cynic had to believe that. Any other belief would have made living intolerable.

N May 1940 the grey hordes of Adolf Hitler hurled themselves across Europe in the first remarkable demonstration of Blitz-krieg. Men sat up very late in the Kremlin. So many possibilities had to be considered. One concerned Leon Trotsky. With the world about to erupt in total violence, Trotsky was an even greater menace.

The G.P.U. must hurry up its plans for

More secret orders sped across the world. In that same month Trotsky was entertaining a French couple named Rosmer. Alfred and Marguerite Rosmer had come from France with Trotsky's grandson Sievas, who had been at school in Paris. On May 28th they were to sail for France from Vera Cruz. With the war in Europe getting hot they were anxious to be home. It was generally understood that Nathalie Sedova would go with them by car to Vera Cruz. A friend named Frank Jacson, who claimed to be a Belgian, but who had paid \$3500 for a bogus Canadian passport, offered to drive them.

However, a few days before the Rosmers were to set sail for home the G.P.U. underground agents in Mexico City were alerted. On a night of little moon they made their bid to carry out the Kremlin's orders.

It was between 3:00 and 4:00 A.M. in the morning of May 24th that about 30 men in the uniforms of members of the Mexican police, under the direction of a leader dressed as a Mexican colonel, arrived outside the

Trotsky villa. The leader was a Mexican Communist painter named David Alfaro Siqueiros. He was not a particularly good painter, but he was a thorough-going Communist, disciplined to take orders from above without questioning them. He and another painter, Antonio Pujol, dressed as a licutenant, had arranged for the uniforms and the men to fill them.

Much more important, however, Siqueiros had arranged for the main gate in Trotsky's courtyard wall to be open. His orders to his men were simple. Overcome the guard without a shot being fired. Then he would direct further operations. Each of the assassins was given an envelope containing 250 pesos.

Moscow never doubted that Marxist dialectic was all the stronger when reinforced with capitalist money.

The guards were surprised and easily overcome by the masquerading policemen. Most of the guards were trussed up and left lying in uncomfortable positions in a shed. Robert Sheldon Harte was forced outside at pistol point and taken to one of the cars that had brought the assassins. When Sheldon Harte had been removed the invaders set up a machinegun in the courtyard.

"All right, let them have it," said Siqueiros. Steel-jacketed bullets tore hideously through the quiet of the dreaming courtyard. they ripped into the less-protected sides of the villa facing the dark shapes of the trees. They smashed windows, spanged against doors, wrecked furniture, perforated interior walls.

Trotsky and his wife saved their lives by rolling out of bed as the bullets shredded the space above their pillows. They remained prone under the window, while the noise of the chattering machinegun continued and plaster flaked over their grey heads and thinly clad bodies. They heard footsteps running. Doors slammed. Their grandson in the next room cried out in pain.

The ordeal did not last more than a few minutes, for the well-paid assassins were taking a big risk in making such a whole-sale shooting. Suddenly the courtyard was quiet. Car engines started up, and headlights winked at the sky and vanished and the whine of tires faded.

The Trotskys ran into the next room. Little Sievas had been wounded in a foot by a ricocheting bullet. He was biting his mouth and staring at the bright blood.

Just possibly Leon Trotsky felt a lump in his throat as he stroked his greying beard and watched his wife bending over the injured foot, for the scene might have reminded him of bullets tearing into young flesh at Ekaterinburg.

Sheldon Harte was not seen again until the police found his lime-choked length in the kitchen pit outside Santa Rosa. The Mexican police had searched the country for him. They had covered the ports of Vera Cruz, Tampico, Puerto Mexico, Progreso, Frontera, Manzanillo, Mazatlan, and Guaymas. They had bottled up the frontier at Ciudad Juarez, Nogales, Loredo, Matamoros, and Piedras Negras.

In the tall Americano's room in Trotsky's villa they found a key, which they traced to the door of a room number 37 at the Hotel Europa in Mexico City. They had also found in that room a small suitcase with a Moscow stamp and a bottle of beer. They did not trouble much with the beer.

But they discovered that on May 21st Sheldon Harte had spent the night in Room 37 with a lady of the easiest virtue but of considerable price. They soon had her down at police headquarters, where she lost her grande dame manner and became scared for her painted skin.

She told the police that on the night of the 21st the Americano was drunk, but he had mucho dinero in his pockets. He had not been very talkative.

But it looked as though Sheldon Harte had been paid cash in advance for services to be rendered, and had been in a hurry to sample temporary oblivion. He still had three days to live out under the roof of the man who loved tame rabbits.

The police found that the American had arrived in Mexico by air on April 7th. He had come with a strong recommendation from friends of Trotsky's in New York to play guard in Trotsky's hacienda.

Trotsky would not believe that the American, a relatively recent importation, could be a G.P.U. agent. After the Mexican secret police had found a lead to the house outside Santa Rosa they had no doubts on that score. Sheldon Harte had been planted, and then cynically bumped off to ensure his continued silence.

Four days after the abortive attempt to remove Leon Trotsky from the world scene the spectacled ex-terrorist came face to face with the new-style terrorist who was to succeed in assassinating him.

FRANK Jacson arrived to take the Rosmers to Vera Cruz. He was invited into the villa for a cup of Mrs. Trotsky's excellent coffee. The willing chauffeur was a smiling man with a ready tongue and an easy manner. He made a good impression on Trotsky.

He was a man of many names and claims. But that was no reason for suspicion in the Trotsky villa. Most visitors to that strange household had a past. But not many had a

past like Frank Jacson's.

Not many were to have a future like his. It had been determined by the G.P.U., which had selected him to succeed where Siqueiros had failed. Jacson was the second string. He was to go in without machineguns and heavy stuff. He was to get close enough to Trotsky to do a real old-time assassin's job.

His background made him just about perfect for the part. His mother, a fanatical Catalonian Communist named Caridad Mercader, had been a G.P.U. agent as far back as 1928 in Paris, where she organized a special cell that was eventually to operate

under diplomatic immunity.

When civil war came to Spain her third child, Mornard (alias Jacson), joined the Catalan Red Militia. He became more distinguished for his exploits in the arms of feminine comrades than with arms that would destroy Moors. But he was acquiescent and knew how to stop his tongue from wagging when it was to his interest. The G.P.U. chiefs decided that the son of his mother could be of use to them. He was taken from a safe billet near the front line, where most incredibly he had received a wound in his right forearm, and his schooling for a very different grade of work began.

He was sent to Paris and later to Brussels. He took on a new personality. He became Jacques Mornard Vandendreschd, born of alleged Belgian parents in Persia in the year 1904. In 1938 he was back in Paris.

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There he met Sylvia Ageloff. She was on holiday from New York after having thrown up her job as clinical psychologist employed by the city's Education Board. She was 27 and impressionable. Certainly she was impressed by the student Jacques Mornard who claimed to be preparing at the Sorbonne for an examination in journalism. Jacques showed her Gay Paree, from the risqué clubs of a Montparnasse that was beginning to wilt to the Eiffel Tower. For a student Jacques had plenty of funds, which made him unlike other attendants at Sorbonne classes, most of whom were scraping by on a pittance.

Sylvia was m marked woman before she arrived in Paris. For a year one of her sisters had been personal secretary to Leon Trotsky and Sylvia was known to have many personal friends among the Trotskyites in New York. Sylvia was coming to the end of her financial resources when her new-found student friend came to the rescue with a quite unexpected offer of assistance. He informed her that he had spoken to someone in a firm he called Argus about her, and this firm was prepared to pay her a steady 3000 francs a month to write various articles on psychology.

Sylvia was delighted. She went to work at once, wrote a string of articles, received payment, but when she inquired where the articles would appear, and when, she was told not to worry herself about details. Publishers were queer people. They often kept articles for a long time until they had enough material for a book.

However, none of her articles were ever set up by a compositor.

Monard had to interrupt his studies to go to Brussels, where his mother was ill. When Sylvia went to the Belgian capital to surprise him he was not at the address she had been given. When he returned to Paris he said he had been in England.

A short while afterwards he told Sylvia he had been made New York correspondent for an important Belgian newspaper. She was returning to New York. He would arrive shortly after her. But it took him seven months. He did not land in New York until September 1939, with Europe at war. But he was no longer a journalist. He was a technician employed by a European broker of Mexican raw materials. He also had that intriguing Canadian passport.

Sylvia Ageloff must have wondered at the changes such a short while could produce, but she was a woman who could control her feminine curiosity. The new Frank Jacson went to Mexico a month after arriving in New York. She received word that it was a lonely place for a man interested in raw materials. He would like her to join him.

At that time Sylvia was working for the Brooklyn Welfare Department. She requested leave of absence, spent Christmas at home, and flew down to Mexico in January 1940 for a stay of three months, to help Frank Jacson conquer his loneliness.

Naturally she went to see her sister, Trotsky's secretary. She was introduced to friends of her sister. In turn she introduced Frank Jacson to the new acquaintances she had made. These included Alfred and Marguerite Rosmer, unswerving Trotskyite militants of the breed feared as far away as the guarded doors of the Kremlin.

To the Rosmers Frank Jacson was a helpful and obliging man of enlightened views. He told them not to worry about the missing Sheldon Harte

"He'll turn up some time." He seemed sure of it.

Meantime he agreed to drive them to Vera Cruz, for his work with raw materials necessitated the running of a car, and they invited him to pick them up on the morning of May 28th.

So a cycle of major and minor events was completed, and across a table with steaming coffee cups victim and assassin smiled at each other, and only one of them appreciated the irony of those first minutes of greeting.

Frank Jacson was a most interested and sympathetic listener. He patted the head of the good-looking boy of 12 who was Trotsky's grandson, commiserated over his bandaged left foot, listened attentively to what Nathalie Sedova was saying, and managed never to miss anything spoken by her husband.

The coffee-cups were drained, and it was time for leaving with the Rosmers and Nathalie Sedova. When the new friend returned from Vera Cruz he was established as persona grata at the Coroayán villa, where double reinforced steel doors, 'electrically controlled, were being installed. Fresh steel shutters were crected over the windows of the Trotskys' living quarters. These too were of reinforced steel.

No gang of assassins would be able to repeat the bungled attempt made by a group of agents led by two artists who thought themselves men of blood. Even the ceilings and floors were reconstructed. This time they

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were made proof against grenades and thermal bombs. Great coils of barbed wire were delivered by lorries.

Leon Trotsky watched the improvements to ensure his continuing safety with a jaundiced eye.

"Fate has granted me a reprieve," he-observed. "It will be of but short duration."

In August Sylvia Ageloff returned for another vacation in Mexico and was surprised at the change she found in her friend Jacson. His face was lined, he was nervous, and he behaved like a man undergoing severe psychological strain and finding no relief.

When she questioned him he tried to laugh off her fears for his health.

"I'm all right," he insisted. "Summer heat and perhaps too much work. It's nothing else."

HE went with her on the 10th to take tea with the Trotskys. It was a typical Trotsky tea party. The tea was weak, the talk strong. Jacson sided with the old revolutionary war-horse. Sylvia ranged herself with the friendly opposition. Tea ended with Jacson volunteering to prepare an article along the lines on which he and Trotsky had agreed.

"I'll have it ready in about a week," he said.

When he turned up with the drafted article Trotsky read it, and was not impressed at this considered display of what was supposed to be journalistic talent that had been recognized in the Sorbonne. But Trotsky was too polite to be witheringly destructive.

"Muddled stuff," he told his wife contemptuously when they were alone. "But I'm reading the finished thing next Thursday."

That Thursday was the 20th.

Jacson arrived about 5:30 p.m., and while crossing the courtyard looked up at three of Trotsky's friends who were on the roof fixing and wiring an alarm siren. The guard at the gate was a husky American, Harold Robins. He nodded at Jacson, let him in, and walked with him to where Trotsky was feeding his tame rabbits.

Jacson was sweating under his hat and carried a lightweight coat on his arm. His pallor was noticeable to Nathalie Sedova, standing on the balcony looking down into the courtyard.

"I'm very thirsty," Jacson called to her.
"Could I have a glass of water?"

He went in and was offered Russian tea, but insisted on a glass of cold water. Then he returned to the courtyard, followed by Trotsky's wife. Trotsky turned to her and said in Russian, "Did you know he's waiting for Sylvia to come? They're leaving for New York tomorrow."

Mrs. Trotsky turned to Jacson in surprise. "I didn't know you were leaving!" she exclaimed. "If I had known I would have got you, to take something for me."

The visitor looked embarrassed.

"I could call in tomorrow," he suggested. Nathalié Sedova smiled and shook her head. "Oh, no, that would put you out."

There was one of those pauses that are usually described as awkward. It was terminated when Trotsky sighed and turned from feeding his rabbits.

"Let's go in and read your article," he said, and began closing the doors of the hutches.

He led the way into his study, while his wife went to the kitchen. Trotsky sat down in the cool room and placed the manuscript on his desk.

Jacson was beside his chair. The hand under the coat came away, holding a mountaineer's ice-pick. His hand went up fast and silently. It came down over the grey-white head, and the steel pick drove into the brain that had helped Lenin destroy the Romanov dynasty.

Inside the study Jacson stood like a man dazed. He had dropped the ice-pick and gripped a revolver. Robins punched it aside and beat the assassin to the floor.

Jacson squealed, "They made me do it. They made me do it. They've imprisoned my mother."

Jacson had come very well prepared to obey the orders of his relentless masters. He had three weapons when he entered the study. As well as the pick and the gun he had a dagger nearly a foot long sewn into a pocket. In his pocket wallet were nearly \$900 in U. S. currency.

The G.P.U. had carried out its orders, but not the way intended. The assassin was expected to be killed. His death was even desired, true to the Beria formula of sealing mouths that knew too much. The man of many names was alive and in the hands of the Mexican police. He told various stories, and wrote various versions of his life and intentions. He was clearly nonplussed by his own continued existence. An official of the Belgian Legation in Mexico City visited him, afterwards admitted that he had grave doubts whether the prisoner was a Belgian subject. Most of Jacson's answers to questions about Belgium were incorrect, and his accent was that of someone who had learned the French tongue in Switzerland.

The Canadians traced the number of the bogus passport, found it had been issued to a British subject naturalized in Canada named Babich, who had been born in Yugoslavia. Babich had gone to Spain during the civil war and was killed fighting with the International Brigade.

Members of the International Brigade were known to have surrendered their passports to their commissars. That way, none of them could have a change of heart and walk out—not even crawl out. Those that died required no passports. Their unrequired passports eventually arrived in Moscow, where forgers employed by the G.P.U. knew very well what to do with them.

It was not until 16th April, 1943, that the Mexican Sixth Penal Court found the man charged in the name Jacques Mornard guilty of premeditated homicide.



"That's a look at the world news and now for the local news, here's my wife"

The prisoner was sentenced to the maximum term of 20 years' imprisonment.

He left the cell where he had been living a curious life of penal luxury, with a gramophone and a plentiful supply of records, all the reading material he requested, and meals supplied by an expensive restaurant.

He went to a penitentiary without mentioning his employers or admitting the purpose of his journey to Mexico. For a time he had been in the forefront of world publicity. He had a past, but no one ventured forward to claim knowledge of him. He was a man whom no one knew—a man whom no one in his past wanted to know.

He arrived in prison to start his sentence without having broken his silence about his secret past. He was a creature of mystery, and he preferred to remain one.

The G.P.U. was abolished, then resurrected in a new form. It became Beria's infamous N.K.V.D. Agents of the newly named secret police arrived in Mexico with a plentiful supply of cash. Their credit ran into millions of dollars. They spent \$600,000 taking care that the assassin of Leon Trotsky remained loyal. He wanted for nothing that could be provided legally. Money went overseas to Cuba.

In Havana a plot was hatched that would result in the escape of the man known as Jacques Mornard Vandendreschd. News of the plan, on which much cash had been spent, filtered to the prisoner.

His face became the color it had been that afternoon in August 1940 when he walked across the Trotskys' courtyard at Coyoacán with a coat over his arm hiding an ice-pick. He knew a return of that former fear. Perhaps he thought of the Americano the Trotskys had called Bob—Robert Sheldon Harte, and of his lime overcoat under a kitchen floor.

The one-time Frank Jacson decided he was safer where he was, in a Mexican prison, surrounded by armed Mexican guards. He became indiscreet, for once in his life. He allowed the Mexicans to know a plot to free him was in being, that the instigators of the suggested attempt to get him out of prison were many miles away across the Caribbean Sea. He also saw to it that the Mexican authorities understood something of which they may reasonably have entertained doubts.

Jacques Mornard was staying where he was. He did not intend to participate in the attempt to free him. He felt safe behind the prison walls.

Beyond the tall gates there were too many agents of the N.K.V.D.

Editor's Note: On May 6, 1960, a Mexican police van pulled out of the Federal District Penitentiary, sending up clouds of dust, and raced off down the highway toward Mexico City. In the van was plump, bespectacled Jacques Mornard, released after more than 12 years behind bars. An hour later he was in the custody of Czechoslovak diplomats, who hustled him aboard a waiting Cuba Airlines plane, bound for Prague. His release was premature, the Mexican police admitted; he had been released prematurely to avoid "trouble." Whether Mornard will live out the rest of his days in tranquillity as a Czech citizen, or perhaps fall victim to an unexpected "accident," no one can say. One thing is certain, however; now that Trotsky's murderer is in Communist hands, Jacques Mornard will never be heard from again.



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THE PACIFIC MIX-UP

continued from page 19

impossible that Japanese warships could have approached to within firing range without being detected.

It was not impossible. Seven Japanese cruisers and a destroyer were hidden in the gloom of night off Guadalcanal Island spraying shells into an Allied naval force that had no idea how they got there.

When the Astoria finally commenced firing, it was too late. The Japanese advantage of surprise could not be overcome.

A half hour later, Captain Edward Greenman, who had been asleep when the shooting started, surveyed his damaged ship. The Astoria's communications were destroyed, her guns had been turned into blackened stumps. Broken bodies covered the deck. Wounded men crawled pitifully behind twisted steel plates for protection. Fire and black smoke sprouted from the bulkheads.

The Japanese guns roared on, pouring death into his ship. Captain Greenman, his own body shattered by shrapnel, shook his head helplessly. "Please, God," he prayed, "please stop it."

AS if in answer, the searchlight snapped off, the guns fell silent and the Japanese ships disappeared into the night's total-darkness. For the Astoria, her punishment had ended. The battle of Savo Bay was over.

The Astoria was not alone in her agony on that disastrous August 9, 1942. Many other American ships ran the gauntlet of Japanese guns that night and suffered equal or greater destruction. In a lightning 30minute raid, a puny Japanese task force all but annihilated a vital and powerful American fleet. When the smoke had cleared and the bodies picked up from the rough Pacific waters, observers of the battle could say that it was a humiliating licking for the American Navy.

The Battle of Savo Bay killed or maimed 1732 Allied, mostly American, troops, more than the toll inflicted by six months of vicious fighting on Guadalcanal.

The Japanese, on the other hand, came out of the battle almost whole, with only 58 enemy killed and 53 wounded.

This was the tragic result of the unpublicized, and inglorious U.S. defeat at Savo Bay. How did it happen?

The story of the Savo Bay disaster begins with the U.S. invasion of Guadalcanal, which took place on August 7, 1942. Supporting this invasion was a hastily-formed naval force of eight cruisers and a screen of destroyers under the command of Rear Admiral Richmond Kelly Turner, together with a fast-stepping group of aircraft carriers under Vice Admiral Frank Jack Fletcher.

Fletcher's group was patrolling southeast of Guadalcanal, while Turner's ships had the major assignment of protecting Allied transports unloading supplies for the Guadalcanal marines.

The surprise landing on Guadalcanal hit the Japanese hard. At the Japanese naval base on Rabaul, New Britain, Vice Admiral Gunichi Mikawa assembled a fleet of seven cruisers and one destroyer, hoisted his red and white striped Admiral's flag on the cruiser Chokai and by 6:00 P.M. on August

7, had his revenge force steaming toward Guadalcanal.

Mikawa's strategy was simple. He planned to move south from Rabaul down "The Slot," or deep-water channel that runs between the 600-mile long, double line of islands in the Solomons group. He would arrive at Guadalcanal, at the southern end of the slot, in the dark early morning hours of August 9. It was a risky move; he could expect to be detected before he got too far.

Starting out, Mikawa sent out patrol planes which got through heavy anti-aircraft and fighter plane attacks and made it back to report to him the location of Turner's group of one battleship, six cruisers and 19 destroyers, and a flock of transports, all in the Narrow harbor between Guadalcanal and the adjoining island of Tulagi.

This was his target, a juicy one, worth the risk of defeat and death.

While Mikawa stormed forward with single-minded purpose, the Allies seemed to be making mistakes: To begin with, the Japanese force was sighted four times, without the information being evaluated prop-

The first sighting was made on the morning of August 7 by B-17s under the command of General Douglas MacArthur.

"Six unidentified ships sighted by Forts in St. George Channel, Course SE."

The message began its long tortuous journey through channels. Twelve hours later, it was delivered to Admiral Turner.

Just after dusk on that same day, Mikawa's fleet, racing out of St. George's Channel, passed so close to the U.S. sub S-38, that the undersea craft was unable to launch torpedoes and actually rolled in the wake of the fast-moving cruisers.

Cdr. Munson radioed his sighting to headquarters. "Two destroyers and three larger ships of unknown type steaming southeasterly at high speed."

These first two contacts did not seem significant because the enemy was still close to its big naval base at Rabaul.

Allied commanders must have assumed they would be sighted by air patrols if they attempted to come down the Slot.

At 10:26 A.M. on August 8, Mikawa's fleet was at the head of the Slot, 350 miles from Guadalcanal. He was sighted for the third time by a Hudson plane of the Royal Australian Air Force under MacArthur's command. Held at a distance by Japanese antiaircraft fire, the Aussie pilot inaccurately identified the force as containing three cruisers and two seaplane tenders, but he did guess Mikawa's intention-moving into the Slot. Instead of breaking radio silence, or streaking back to his base, the RAAF pilot casually continued on his routine search mission.

When he landed at his base in Milne Bay, New Guinea, it was tea time. Instead of turning in his report immediately, the pilot stopped off to enjoy a relaxing spot of tea with his mates.

The information could still have been transmitted to Guadalcanal in a matter of minutes, but planes under MacArthur's Army command weren't sending messages directly to ships under Navy command. In-

stead, the report began its mechanical journey through channels. Finally-eight hours later-it reached Guadalcanal.

By then it was too late to check the accuracy of the report by further air sweeps.

U.S. strategists must have felt three cruisers were not enough for a surface attack. Three cruisers and two seaplane tenders, however, fitted in perfectly with an air attack. Our fleet therefore prepared for a Japanese bombing raid on August 9, rather than a surface attack.

The fourth and final contact was made at 11:01 A.M. by a second Australian Hudson -less than a half hour after his mate spotted Mikawa. This Aussie pilot checked off two heavy cruisers, two light cruisers and one unidentified vessel. Had this message reached Guadalcanal before the battle, the entire situation could have been re-evaluated. Unfortunately, this final sighting took even longer to pass through channels-almost 15 hours. Guadalcanal got the news as Mikawa's guns opened fire.

And Allied mistakes and bad luck continued to pile up:

1). Scout planes which had been ordered to patrol the Slot on August 8 couldn't carry out this mission because of bad weather. They undoubtedly would have given warning of the impending attack.

2). The carrier force of Admiral Frank Jack Fletcher was withdrawn. This robbed the Allies of one more weapon in the battle. In addition, Allied captains apparently were not notified of his withdrawal and up to the battle, based their own actions on the belief that the carriers were there, backing them

3). Expecting an air attack because of the erroneous scout early reports, the Allied ships were allowed to remain in the harbor instead of being dispersed to meet a sea attack. The ships were split into three patrol units and this greatly reduced their effectiveness as a fighting unit.

4). The two U.S. destroyers assigned to radar duty outside the harbor had radar equipment with a range of only 10 miles, yet they were often as much as 20 miles apart. On the other hand, they were so close to the ships in the harbor that their warning would come at nearly the same time as the attack itself.

While these things were happening, Admiral Mikawa was moving down the Slot at high speed. At 11:13 when he was less than two and one half hours from Savo, he launched two float planes to make a final probe of Allied defenses and to drop flares at his signal.

At midnight, lookouts aboard the patrolling destroyer U.S.S. Ralph Talbot sighted one of Mikawa's planes and correctly identified it as a cruiser-type. Lt. Cdr. Callahan sent out an alarm.

"Warning! Warning! Plane over Savo headed east."

The message was repeated over and over, but Callahan could get no response.

The other picket destroyer, U.S.S. Blue, heard the warning and then picked up the plane on its radar. Blue also sent out a warning. Neither warning reached Turner.

Commander Walker, in U.S. destroyer Patterson, tried to relay the message. He, too, was unable to reach Turner because of bad atmospheric conditions.

Three American cruisers, Vincennes, Quincy and Astoria, north of Guadalcanal, also spotted the plane. Senior officers assumed the plane must be friendly since it was flying about with its running lights on. Only one man, a junior officer aboard the cruiser Quincy, identified it.

"It's a Jap plane!" he reported.

His senior officers were incredulous. One of the older men patted him on the back tolerantly. "Don't get hysterical, young man."

All the officers in the Northern Force assumed that their superiors must have been notified. Since no one had alerted them to any danger, there didn't seem any reason for them to be concerned.

The failure to inform commanders of the withdrawal of Fletcher's carriers now came home to roost. Had they known Fletcher was withdrawing, they would have known that the "hysterical" junior officer was right-that the planes overhead were not from one of Fletcher's carriers, but were enemy.

For the next hour and a half, the two Japanese pilots sent Admiral Mikawa a running account of the disposition of the Allied patrols and transports. In tropical waters, ships stir up a phosphorescent wake. The natural glow of these tracings on the water gave the Emperor's airmen an exact plot of the Allied ships. Mikawa couldn't have been better informed if he had seen the Allied patrol plan.

At 12:45 on the morning of August 9, Mikawa was 12 miles from Savo.

The Japanese fleet was lined up in a single column. Ahead were Mikawa's first obstacles: the two American radar destroyers Blue and Ralph Talbot. The minutes ticked

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on. Japanese fighting men talked in whispers.

At 12:54, a sharp-eyed lookout aboard Mikawa's flagship, Chokai, spotted Blue. More than 50 big guns swiveled on their turrets to train their sights on Blue. Ralph Talbot was beyond visual contact and the Japanese fleet did not show up on her radar.

American lookouts on Blue scanned the water in front of them. No one was looking astern as might have been expected on this night. Had Blue taken any decisive action, however, she would have been blown out of the water. Mikawa held fire. He wasn't interested in a small fry destroyer. There was juicier game inside the harbor and gunfire would have alerted the Allied cruisers. Blue's good fortune was the last stroke of bad luck for the Allies. The Japanese swept past undetected.

At 1:32 A.M. Mikawa steamed into the harbor between Savo and Guadalcanal. At 1:33, he barked out his battle order: "All ships attack!"

At 1:34, Mikawa's Chokai lookout spotted a vague shape to the northeast. It was the U.S. destroyer Jarvis, badly damaged in the air raid on August 8. All her communications had been destroyed and she was trailing oil as she limped painfully toward an eastern channel before heading south for repairs. Again Mikawa held fire. Because their Admiral didn't open his guns, other ships in his column withheld their fire. Japanese discipline paid off. There was to be no warning for the Allies.

Another minute passed and suddenly a squall sent a thick curtain of rain across the Japanese fleet. Luck was again with the Japanese. The heavy downpour blotted out their silhouettes as they drew closer to their target.

Meanwhile, cruisers U.S.S. Chicago and the Australian Canberra, with American destroyers Patterson and Bagley slowly pa-

trolled the harbor, oblivious of coming disaster.

Abruptly the rain curtain swept past and Japanese lookouts sighted the Allied ship. only 12,500 yards away. Reports were relayed to gunners and torpedomen—reports on range, direction and estimated speed of targets. Target angles were worked out on torpedo directors. Still, the Japanese were not detected.

At 1:38, torpedoes jumped from their tubes. The *Chokai* was still more than two miles from the enemy and it would take the glistening torpedoes five minutes to reach their objectives. Mikawa was closing fast and still undetected.

The time was 1:43 A.M. At last the long delayed alarm came from destroyer Patter-

"Warning! Warning! Strange ships entering harbor!"

At that moment, Mikawa's patrol planes dropped their flares to illuminate Canberra and Chicago.

The torpedoes arrived in that fatal minute and crashed into Canberra. Japanese main batteries roared into action and the first salvo burst on Canberra's deck, mortally wounding her captain and killing her gunnery officer. Before that fatal minute passed, Canberra was aflame, her communications destroyed, her power gone.

Patterson sent up starshells to illuminate the enemy and Captain Walker wheeled his destroyer into action.

"Fire torpedoes!" he shouted.

Then pouring on steam, he let loose with his pint-sized batteries at the tail end of Mikawa's column. The powerful Japanese cruisers brushed the American destroyer aside. One quick salvo tore up two of Patterson's 5-inch guns and set her stern aflame. The destroyer barked back at the enemy with her remaining guns, but by then the fast-

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moving enemy column had raced past her and disappeared in the darkness. Only then did Captain Walker discover that his ship had not fired her torpedoes. The fight had developed so quickly that Walker's executive officer hadn't reached his battle station in time to hear the order.

The U.S. destroyer Bagley took on the enemy next. Commander Sinclair turned his ship sharply to fire his starboard torpedoes, but his men couldn't insert torpedo primers fast enough. Sinclair completed his turn to bring his port side to bear. By the time the maneuver was accomplished, the enemy was beyond reach.

Aboard the U.S. cruiser Chicago, Captain Bode was just snatching some rest when Patterson's warning sounded. He stumbled from his sleep and raced to the bridge.

Suddenly a terrible cry sounded out: "Torpedo wake to starboard!"

"Full right rudder!" Bode ordered, hoping to comb the track of the torpedo, but it was too late. Torpedoes were also converging on his port bow. Desperately he tried to spin his ship away from the destructive torpedoes, but one struck home and blasted off a section of his how.

Then Captain Bode ordered two spreads of starshells from his 5-inch guns. There was still time to illuminate the enemy. As might have been expected on this disastrous night, both shots were duds.

Mikawa's ships now turned northeast for an attack on the force patrolling between Savo and Tulagi. As the enemy column turned, one Japanese cruiser slammed a final shell into Chicago's foremast.

In less than six minutes, the Southern Force had been eliminated as an effective fighting unit. And as far as the Northern Force was concerned, the enemy was still undetected.

What about Patterson's warning that went out over the radio at 1:43 and which should have gotten to the ships in the northern patrol? Because the circuits were tied up with instructions and acknowledgements, the warning did not get through.

Steaming north, the first ship the Japanese met was the Astoria, whose failure to identify and fire on the enemy sealed its fate.

A salvo exploded into the cruiser, killing Commander Eaton and Chief Quartermaster Brown. Shrapnel bit into Captain Greenman's back, missing his spinal column by a hair.

Captain Greenman was hit by shrapnel 11 times. His finger was broken, a huge chunk of lead cut into his leg, but he stood on the bridge calmly.

Absorbing terrible punishment, Astoria sent off 11 salvos from her big guns. The last shell smashed into Admiral Mikawa's chartroom. Chokai shook off the blow and continued to batter Astoria.

Astoña crept along at eight knots. Her electrical power system was gone, her water mains shot away. Both forward turrets had been destroyed and her 5-inch guns pulverized.

Ahead of Astoria, Quincy and Vincennes were both in flames and all three cruisers were still being pounded relentlessly.

On the bridge, Greenman prayed for an end to the terrible punishment. At that moment, his prayer was answered. Japanese guns fell silent and the enemy moved on.

Of the three cruisers in the Northern Force, Quincy was punished most severely. When the enemy scout plane dropped its



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flares, Captain Moore was summoned from his emergency cabin to the bridge. Moore assumed that General Quarters had already been sounded, but he was wrong.

Japanese ships snapped open their searchlight shutters to find Quincy's big guns still trained in fore and aft. They lost no time in finding the range and opened fire while men aboard the Quincy were still racing to their battle stations.

Gunnery Officer Heneberger reached his station in time to unlimber Quincy's guns when Captain Moore's order from the bridge was relayed by phone.

"Fire at the ships with searchlights on!" Nine guns responded with two quick salvos. As the guns roared, Moore suddenly suffered qualms of doubt. The lights could be from ships of the Southern Force. No one aboard the Quincy had definitely identified an enemy column.

"Turn on recognition lights," Moore or-

Junior officers milled around him. "Please, Captain," they begged. "Don't do that. Those are Jap ships out there."

A shell screamed toward the Quincy and hit a catapult plane on her deck, turning it into a bright torch. Japanese gunners had the range and raked her in a terrible cross-

Captain Moore telephoned his gunners. "We're going down between them. Give 'em

Moore turned back toward his helmsman and at that moment a shell shattered the pilot house wounding Moore fatally and killing all but three or four men.

Rocked by the deadly Japanese guns, Quincy fought back, but it was only raw courage that kept her men at their posts.

THE sick bay was destroyed. Flames engulfed the Forward Control Station. Men at gun stations were literally torn apart. Cartridge cases ignited and added fuel to the flames already raging on deck. Shattered hulks of men clawed their way from the depths of the ship to find an even greater carnage on deck.

A dental officer, Lieutenant W. A. Hall Jr., himself severely injured, made his way around the gun deck to administer first aid to other wounded. As he stumbled from one stricken man to another, he found the agonized form of his pharmacist mate. Hall, almost in tears, sat on the iron deck and drew the stump of the young man's leg against his body in a clumsy and futile attempt to prevent the medic from bleeding to death.

The roar of cannon rolled across the harbor. Transports quickly blacked out their lights, pulled up anchor and milled about aimlessly. One officer aboard a transport close to Guadalcanal watched the red balls of flame, shells heated by the firing charge, hurtling through the air. His head moved from side to side as he watched the arching flight of shells from ship to ship.

"It was like a watching a tennis match." he said, "a tennis match in hell."

Quincy's Gunnery Officer Heneberger sent his assistant John Andrews to the bridge for

"When I reached the bridge level," Andrews recalled, "I found it a shambles of dead bodies with only three or four people still standing."

Andrews moved slowly into the pilothouse. Captain Moore was slumped on the deck near the wheel breathing noisily. No one else was alive except the signalman who had taken over the post of helmsman. His face was haggard and he stood at the wheel like some unearthly figure. The Quincy was swinging to starboard and the signalman was intent on bringing the ship around to port, anaware that all power had long since been

Andrews stepped up closer. Eerie shadows flickered around the gaunt figure standing at the helm.

"What are you trying to do?" asked Andrews.

"The captain ordered me to beach the ship, sir."

"Where are you headed?" Andrews persisted.

"Toward Savo Island. It's only some four miles to the port quarter."

Andrews frowned and the signalman, his face stiff with shock, bent to his futile task.

Andrews stepped to the port side of the pilot house and looked out to locate the island. He knew the ship had lost her power, but he had been swept up by the force of the signalman's intensive will to carry out Captain Moore's order. As he stared out across the black water, Quincy heeled rapidly to port. She was sinking and her bow was already under water.

"At that instant," he recalled, "the captain, straightened up and fell back, apparently dead, without having uttered any sound other than a moan."

Shaken by what he'd seen on the bridge, Andrews reported back to Heneberger. The Gunnery Officer ordered Abandon Ship.

At 2:35 A.M., less than 45 minutes after the enemy attack, Quincy turned in the water. Steaming and hissing, she dug her bow into the waves and slipped to the bottom.

The Japanese ships moved on. The next U.S. ship they encountered was the U.S. cruiser Vincennes.

The first salvo missed the Vincennes by 200 yards. The Japanese snapped in their correction and the next salvo hit the well deck, blasting out gun communications from sky aft and sky forward. With sky control stations knocked out, the officer in charge of the battery shouted out: "Commence firing!"

The first salvo of starshells from Vincennes burst right over Chokai. The gun then opened up with service ammunition and Gunnery Officer Nelson cheered when their shot smashed the enemy searchlight trained on

AT that moment, Vincennes was rocked by a terrible explosion. Shrapnel tore into Nelson's chest and the lead coursed through his body to come out under his arm. Blood gushed into his mouth.

On the bridge, Captain Riefkohl had turned the Vincennes toward the enemy after the first salvo hit home. After only three minutes, however, the Vincennes was a battered wreck. In a desperate attempt to evade the deadly Japanese guns, Riefkohl ordered his helmsman to swing the ship hard to star-

Before the Vincennes could complete her turn, shells exploded on the bridge and fragmented into the pilot house.

Riefkohl and his helmsman were spared, but the hot lead, whining across the room, killed three men within a few feet of them.

The Vincennes was still turning to starboard when a torpedo shattered the No. 1 fireroom and wiped out every man. Two more torpedoes quickly followed, digging deeply into her belly to smash other boilerrooms. Steam lines burst with an awful hiss. Dull explosions rocked the gutted hull.

Still under punishment from her port side, the Vincennes was suddenly pinned in the glare of two searchlights to starboard. The battered cruiser was now caught in a

With his telephones dead, Riefkohl turned to his orderly, Corporal Patrick. "Tell 'Guns' to fire on those lights," he ordered, but it was already too late.

"Guns"-Gunnery Officer Lieutenant Adams-was already racing to the bridge.

"Captain," Adams reported, "we have absolutely no guns to fire with. Everything is out!"

The last gun had been silenced and the two gunners had died at their post.

And then as suddenly as the attack began, the firing ended. The lights blinked out and the enemy raced on leaving the Vincennes listing heavily to port.

Reluctantly, Riefkohl ordered all hands to abandon ship.

Vincennes wasn't the last ship hit by the Japanese. Having destroyed the Northern Force, Mikawa's cruisers steamed past Savo Island, still maintaining two columns. As they picked up speed, the column led by Furutaka crossed the path of the picket destroyer U.S.S. Ralph Talbot.

Lieutenant Commander Callahan had seen the gun flashes and heard the roar of battle inside the harbor, but still knew nothing

of the toll taken by the enemy. Singlehandedly, he began to take on a column of cruisers. It was a gallant but hopeless fight. The small American DD was caught in a searchlight. Then four Japanese cruisers opened fire. Callahan answered, but his guns were no match for the bruising eight-inch weapons of the cruisers. In less than five minutes, the plucky destroyer was left in flames, and listing to starboard.

Mikawa rounded Savo Island and left the scene of battle behind. His ships raced back up the Slot at 30 knots.

The battle that had begun at 1.43 A.M. ended 30 minutes later.

The Canberra, left dead in the water, was later sunk by Allied torpedoes. The Chicago was badly damaged; Astoria, Quincy, Vincennes were all sent to the bottom. The picket destroyer Ralph Talbot was beached at Tulagi,

With the battle over, the cold light of dawn came, and Admiral Turner was in a desperate position. Stripped of his air support, his fleet destroyed, his transports still packed with supplies, Turner had a tough decision to make. If he took off immediately, the Marines on shore would have practically no supplies and very little am-

Turner decided to stick it out for the rest of that day. He gave orders to continue unloading and prepared to meet an attack with the little force he had left. Luckily, the expected bombers never came.

Admiral Turner continued unloading his transports until late in the afternoon of August 9. When he finally gathered his ships to pull out, the Marines had thirty-seven days' supply of food and ammo for four

The ordeal for the Navy was over, for a time. The ordeal for the Marines had just begun. The floodgates open, the Japs poured 36,000 troops onto Guadalcanal. The invasion that was won in twenty-six hours took six months of the most savage fighting to hold and secure.

The full measure of the disaster in the Battle of Savo Bay can best be understood by this comparison. In thirty-five minutes of hell, the Navy suffered a total of 1,732 dead and wounded. In the six months of hell on Guadalcanal, the Army and Marines lost 1,592 men killed in action.

What can be said is this: if it were not for the disastrous defeat on August 9, Guadalcanal might well have become an insignificant paragraph in the history books. Instead, it will go down in history as one of the bloodiest campaigns in all of World War II.

The Marines never forgave the Navy for leaving them alone on Guadalcanal. And it was only significant that when the fighting ended, the First Marine Division struck off a medal in honor of their days on the island of Guadalcanal.

On the observe side was an arm bearing the stripes of a Rear Admiral on the sleeve. The Admiral's hand was dropping a hot potato into the hands of a kneeling Marine. The motto was Faciat Georgius (Let George do it). On the reverse side was the rear end of a cow facing an electric fan. It was inscribed: "In fond remembrance of the happy days spent from August 7th, 1942 to January 3, 1943. USMC."



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THE PRIVATE EYE YOU DON'T SEE ON TV

continued from page 6

unimportant, integrity. And a man has to like this business, which is true of any man in any business, but particularly true of this one.

Q. If you want to become a private detective, what do you do?

A. There are many ways, of course. In our case, if a man makes an application for a job, we interview him, evaluate him. Now that doesn't mean only, does he have the proper intelligence. It's just as important that he be adaptable, right for this kind of work. Some of the greatest "eggheads" in the world couldn't get to first base in this work. And some guys who aren't highly intelligent are very successful.

Q. And ordinarily he'd be trained by the outfit that hired him?

A. Yes. We train our men.

Q. How often does the Mickey Spillanthing happen; a beautiful blonde in distress walking into the office?

A. It doesn't happen to us at all.

Q. To others?

A. Yes. Other agencies feel this is their field and they do it. We don't feel this way so don't have these experiences.

Q. You hear a lot about official police forces, like New York City's for instance, resenting the activities-of private detectives. Is this true?

A. On the whole, no. We work very closely with all law enforcement agencies, the F.B.I., state and city police. We exchange information with them in the interests of law enforcement, and we don't ask them for any information it would be improper for them to give. I would say that most detective agencies worked in this way.

Q. What's the most common case a detective is hired for?

A. That's a hard question, we get all kinds of cases. For instance, investigation of a person's background. This might be requested for many reasons. The major one, I would say, is an employment check, where a company or individual is considering hiring a person and wants a report on his background. The greatest volume of our business, however, is "undercover" jobs, in which we put our men inside a business to uncover certain information.

Q. What's the idea behind this?

A. Almost all businesses are subject to losses from inside, through stealing or inefficiency by employees. There might be a shortage in inventory, or sabotage, or maybe you suspect a foreman is not handling his personnel correctly. So we have an agent go to work in the company, as a truck driver say, without disclosing who he really is, to try and find the cause of the trouble. In this way, management can get information they couldn't get in any other way.

Q. What are the wildest kinds of cases a private detective would consider taking?

A. In our organization, I'd say undercover work is the most exciting. We have agents who've been working undercover in a company for as long as 15 or 20 years. We might have several agents in the same company and they wouldn't know each other.

Q. How much does a private detective make?

A. It depends on his skill.

Q. What's the usual salary?

A. It could go pretty high. Sometimes we need a very technical man, one with special scientific skills, and they're very difficult to get. He might be indispensable for the case we're working on and his salary consequently would be quite high. On the average, though, I'd say our men make \$150 to \$200 a week.

Q. Does a guy usually work alone?

A. That depends on the case. There are many where he does. I'll answer that question this way: If it's an investigation rather than a surveillance, the agent usually works alone. But surveillance or "shadow" work takes two or three men.

Q. When would you do "shadow" work?

A. Well, suppose we have undercover people at a place and their reports show trucks are being overloaded and drivers are dropping the extra stuff off at a fence. We put the business under surveillance, trail the trucks to see who the fence is. Or suppose salesmen are not performing as efficiently as they should or are cheating the company in some way, we'd check up on them by shadowing them. With anyone who's suspected of irregularities, one thing you do is find out how they live, whether they're spending more money than they should be.

Q. Say you're working on a case and you come up with evidence that proves your client has done something illegal. Are you obligated to him to keep it quiet or do you

tell the police?

A. In the first place, we have to know why a client wants an investigation. We don't "go blind" into a case, we won't do anything for a person before we're sure he's legitimate. Say some fellow comes to us and he's charged with a crime. He says he's not guilty and wants us to prove it, to "run out" or check his alibi, his being at such and such a place at such and such a time. We warn him to begin with: "You are charged with a crime and we will not do anything to obstruct justice. We work closely with the police and if we find that you are guilty, we will not keep that information to ourselves."

Q. How dangerous is private detective work? Do many get kurt in the line of duty?

A. No. Very few.

Q. What kind of guy is a better prospect as a detective, a super-strong physical type or a highly intelligent but just average physically kind of guy?

A. Is a "flatfoot" better than a guy who knows his stuff? Absolutely not. Give me the intelligent guy. As a matter of fact, the smaller man makes a better investigator. He doesn't stand out the way a big man would.

Q. Do private detectives carry guns?

A. Some do, some don't. It's governed by the type of work they're doing. Guards always do, investigators sometimes do, with a permit of course. But for an investigator, it's not a matter of habit like it is with a police detective. There's always a specific reason for the investigator carrying a gun. Usually, our men don't like to carry a gun because it's added weight, a nuisance really.

Q. What are some of the new gadgets detectives have today that they didn't have say 15 years ago?

A. There are many. To name just a few,

you could start with the polygraph or lie detector. Then there's the infra red lamp. That's used in this way: you put a special powder on stuff, say a wallet or document, that you think may be stolen. The thief can't see the powder but it will show up on his hands when they're put under the infra red lamp, Then there are devices which are used in plant security, in guarding a warehouse, store or plant, like closed circuit TV.

Q. You hear a lot about private deteclives being hired to get the goods on husbands and wives who've been playing around.

Is this a difficult kind of case?

A. We don't handle it. But I'll say this: If they're really been playing around, it's not difficult at all, for this reason: it's quite hard for a person to detect somebody following him, if the shadow work is right. Even if a person is looking for a "trail," he'll have a hard time spotting one, unless it's in an outlying district where that kind of thing stands out like a sore thumb. But in the city, there are so many people, shadowing is easy. And shadowing is the main technique used in catching errant husbands and wives.

Q. Why does it cost so much to hire a private detective?

A. Does it? I don't think it costs more to hire one than it does to-well, what do bricklayers get? Our average rates are \$5 an hour. Our charges are always on an hourly basis. A client might say, I'll give you a \$5000 fee if you're successful, but we don't handle cases on that basis, only on an hourly rate, not for rewards.

Q. But other private detectives do operate on a fee basis?

A. Yes, many do.

Q. Suppose a private detective gets caught doing something outside the law, like tapping someone's phone or rifling his desk. Does he have any protection against arrest?

A. No. And we'd be the first to help prosecute him if it was one of our men. Leaving out the moral aspect, the fellow with his office under his hat can take chances, but a large organization like we are has to be very strict in adhering to the law and to ethical standards. We refuse many cases because of ethical reasons. For instance, we couldn't do any work that would go against the interests of any of our regular clients.

Q. Do any tough guys, ex-cons or thugs, ever get into this business?

A. No. Detective agencies are regulated by law. Every one of our employees, even secretaries, are fingerprinted. Under the law, no one convicted of a crime can be employed by an agency.

Q. This is a New York state law?

A. Yes.

Q. Are other states easier on this?

A. No. On the whole, I would say the private investigation business is remarkably free of "rotten eggs."

Q. There are 100 female private eyes in New York. What do they do?

A. They're used for a variety of jobs, in undercover work, for instance, as stenographers or clerks. Or suppose you want information from a woman who has valuable knowledge of a certain business or patent or copyright. Maybe the best way to get it is to have a woman "op" become friendly with her and "rope her," as we say, that is get her to divulge the information, something she might be less suspicious of doing with a

woman than with a man,

Q. Should a private eye be able to protect himself physically?

A. It depends on what he's doing. Of course everyone should be able to protect himself. and in some investigations it would come more into play than, in others. If the investigator is trying to learn the identity and the movements of an underworld figure, which we often do, then certainly he should be prepared to protect himself. On other cases it's not so necessary.

Q. What has TV done for private eyes, helped them or hurt them?

A. I don't think it's done anything, one way or the other. I guess there is greater interest in detective work. But I think people realize the way it's done on TV is a lot of bunk, though I suppose for the sake of entertaining people they have to have it that way.

Q. Would a private detective ever allow himself to be hired for the purpose of making love to a man's wife to get the goods on her

cheating....

A. I don't think so. Of course it's happened, but the guy is a crook if he does, and he shouldn't be licensed.

Q. What cases would a private eye turn down?

A. I can't speak for others. As for us, we don't operate for rewards, as I've mentioned. We wouldn't take any investigation that could be construed as labor espionage or anything that would interfere with collective bargaining. We don't investigate public officials in graft cases, we leave that to law enforcement agencies. In short, we wouldn't take anything that was off-color.

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THE STRANGE STREET GANG GIRLS

continued from page 39

"a tape measure job." She belonged to the Dusters

At the entrance of Mary Lou, the conference halted dead in its tracks.

"Yours?" asked Hat Man, very cool, inclining his head toward the girl without turning his eyes in her direction.

Little A. shrugged-the hip way of indicating she was his property, lock, stock and harrel

"Those headlamps-they ain't sealed-beam. I know a man looked under her hood."

Little A. seemed to rise up on his tiptoes as though reaching for the ceiling: "Feel like some air?" he asked-the cool way of inviting a man to step outside and fight.

Around the corner from the Youth Center, on a closed-off play street, Little A. and Hat Man met. Among the spectators were representatives of both gangs-Mary Lou, the integrity of whose bosom was the cause of

They moved around each other in swift circles, stocky Little A. moving forward, slender Hat Man dancing like a welterweight on the balls of his feet. Then, abruptly, Hat Man made his move, flipping a knife from under his shirt and darting it in a series of light, stabbing thrusts underneath Little A.'s guard.

Blood flowered on the heavyset boy's shirt. He hesitated, as though puzzled, then with surprising speed shot forward, clubbing Hat Man on both sides of the head with both big arms. Then Hat Man was down, and Little A. was stomping him with his feet, the educated brogans feeling around for a shot at the victim's face.

At this point, the police siren sounded, and Little A. and his followers retired victoriously behind a board fence to wait for the inevitable challenge to a rumble that would come from the Barons.

The honor of Little A. and the Dusters United-as symbolized by Mary Lou's proud frontage-had been upheld. But it would have to be reaffirmed in an all-out gang war. There would be no peace on this street for a long time to come.

Sociologists, psychologists and every other sort of -ologist under the sun have attempted to understand the phenomenon of the teen-age gang. Many of them have come up with reasonable, if inconclusive answers. Nearly all of them agree that the role of girls in these groups has been vastly misunderstood and underrated. One social worker of 20 years' experience says: "If I can reach the girl at the heart of the gang, I can redirect the gang itself."

If the girls who run with gangs are so important, who are they, why do they do it, and how did they get that way?

The best way to answer these questions is to look at ten girls, chosen from court, police and juvenile bureau documents, and see how they run:

1). WHATTAPAIRA. The young girl showed up all of a sudden near a set of steps in East Harlem where the Noble Mc-Graws hung out. She was beneath their notice—the McGraws were a junior street

gang who thought it was a sign of weakness to travel with girls.

Then one of the younger members, a boy named Jerry, started looking at her out of the corner of his eye. She didn't look like much underneath the shapeless flour sack she wore, but he was curious. "Hey, kid, what's your name? Where you from?" The girl looked at him through round black eyes and said something that was really the name of a small town in Puerto Rico. But it sounded like something else.

"Whattapaira," yelled Jerry. "Thatser name. Whattapaira."

The older heads of the gang looked at Jerry without expression.

"I mean," one said to another, "I don't see the sense of getting bugged over some little spic piece. What's he yellin' about?"

But Jerry had already lifted the flour sack, high in the air, leaving the sad girl somewhat exposed. "See what I mean. Whattapaira."

"Throw it back in the water," the older Noble McGraws said, expressionlessly.

The next night, the head men of the McGraws, a gang that fought once a month with the Puerto Ricans on the next block, took Whattapaira down into the dark place underneath the stairs where the superintendent stashed the garbage cans.

Afterward, they came out one by one and sat together solemnly on the steps.

When the last one came out, he said quietly, "Whattapaira."

The McGraws on the steps laughed, and then the girl came out from under the steps calmly straightening the flour sack. She looked up at the watchers on the step and drew the fabric downward, until it pressed taut over her breasts. "Pues?" she asked. "Pues?" She was big for 15, 16.

The Noble McGraws each tossed a cigarette at her, and she picked them up, looking at them with grateful eyes.

After that, Whattapaira never looked at the younger McGraws. She followed the leaders wherever they went. And all they had to do was say "Pues?" or pull out a cigarette and she would go down under the steps and wait for them.

The kid called Jerry who named her was now bitter about the girl. "She's a spic, why don't she run with the spics? Maybe she's a spy."

The older McGraws had gotten used to Whattapaira, but they knew Jerry might have something.

"You take her over to the Chicos turf. You have her help you waste a Chico. Then you know, hinge-mouth."

Jerry liked fighting better when the whole gang went bopping as a unit, but he knew the rule.

When it got dark, he explained what he was going to do to the girl. Then he led her to the next block and they sneaked up onto the roof across the street from where the Chicos stood every night, in front of a hamburger place. Armed with a hunk of lead pipe, he kept out of sight while the stood in full view of the other side of the street and lifted up her dress. There were three Chicos over there, and they all came running upstairs to the roof. Jerry knocked out the first two, but the third ducked and pulled a knife. Jerry was too fast, however, and got back to his home turf, breathing hard-and without Whattapaira.

Next day, a couple of Chicos appeared on the McGraw turf wheeling a pushcart; they ran when the McGraws appeared in force. Tied up inside the cart was the girl. Her mouth was stuffed with straw so that she could hardly breathe and obscenities were black-crayoned in Spanish over most of her

The Noble McGraws decided that Whattapaira had "made it."

After that, somebody found her a mattress and a place to sleep in a slum hallway. (She'd come alone to New York with a little old man who had disappeared soon after.) The McGraws took up a collection and bought her a red dress and a blue dress. It got so that whenever the Noble McGraws had any big project to do, they would always reach inside her dress and lightly touch Whattapaira, for luck.

The McGraws ran out of luck one day when a social worker heard about the girl, came nosing around, and finally took her

away to a Girls' Farm.

In the worker's report, she commented: "Here was a girl who because of youth, loneliness and language difficulties mistook a teen-age gang culture for "normal" American life. Her reaction to the gang was typical of an immigrant child with nothing to fall back on except herself, with nothing to give except her body. Once she had learned the language and discovered a different kind of 'gang,' she went to another city, got a job in a factory, and finally married the foreman."

2). BETTY JO sat in her white convertible Caddy and tossed her blonde hair back and laughed. It was a deep laugh that went way down inside her. The half dozen members of the Knaves standing there weren't used to seeing this kind of stuff in the neighborhood. They tried to act cool, but they couldn't help staring.

The only one who didn't stare was Leo, the President of the Knaves. He had a regular woman, 22, hustling for him and split-

ting her fees with him.

"I haven't anything better to do," she said, "so I thought I'd come down here and get scared. Sort of a new kick. But you're not scaring me." And she laughed.

The way Leo moved, you never saw him in motion, and suddenly he appeared somewhere else. This time, he showed up in the driver's seat of Betty Jo's car. He flicked his eyebrows faintly at the Knaves on the sidewalk and spun off.

Half an hour later, the white convertible came back. Betty Jo's lower lip was trembling and she had a bruise on her cheek, but she held her chin bravely.

Leo flicked an eye at one of the Knaves. "Marty, go get the piece."

In a minute, the boy was back, slipping a cut-down .38 Colt revolver into Leo's hand.

Leo reached down and flipped Betty Jo's skirt all the way back and tucked the gun into the top of one of her stockings. As she shivered, he flipped the skirt back.

"I needed a place to keep it."

The next week, Betty Jo went out on a survey of the Knaves' territory with Leo. The week after she went out bopping with

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him, handing him the gun and watching him while he pistol-whipped a boy from another gang who'd strayed into the wrong street. And, since Betty Jo's mother was seldom at home in the big town house and her dad was almost always West running his business, Leo and the top men of the Knaves often held their war councils in her basement. Then one day after a gang fight involving 100 boys, police traced Leo to the big house, where they found him in Betty's bedroom with a bandage on his head.

In spite of her tears, juvenile authorities told the story to her mother and father, and she was whisked off to a special summer boarding camp for very rich girls with very busy parents.

The psychologist who later treated Betty Jo says: "This girl, in a search for some kind of genuine emotion was willing to settle for being 'scared.' In a search for a cause to which she was able to give herself completely, she was willing to settle for a gang of young hoodlums. . . . Sending her to another boarding school wasn't the solutionand Betty Jo is still a very unhappy girl."

3). DOLL is what they call her. Her real name is Eileen, but ever since she was four years old, she's spent all her time making dolls out of wood, paper and string, and putting them in cardboard boxes in the one room she shares with her father, a widower who works for the railroad.

She belongs to the Macs, a gang on the South Side that has seen better days. They used to be the terror of the neighborhood, but most of the old families have moved away, and now the Macs are slowly being squeezed to death by the big new Negro gangs on both sides of them.

So today, the Macs, having nothing else to do and no place to go, meet in Doll's room, and sit on the floor of the room filled with little stick figures. "The broad is simple," says the gang leader, Kevin. "That's how we like her. She don't give us no trouble."

Each of the homemade dolls is named for a member of the gang. To Eileen, her dolls are the most important thing in her life and they are as real, or more real, than living people. Once when Kevin had copped a bottle of port from the back of the liquor store downstairs, and the Macs had gotten to feeling high and dangerous, they started throwing knives at the dolls. Then Doll got a crazy look in her eyes and chased them all out of the place with her father's pistol. Somehow the gun went off and a bullet went through the eye of a kid named Garrity, who hadn't even joined in the knife throwing.

When the police came they looked around for Eileen. They found her in the tiny backyard, digging a hole. She looked up at them and said, "I'm burying this doll. His name is Garrity."

After that, Doll was sent off to an institution for a while, but finally came back because the doctors said she was "harmless." Lately, her father noticed she had taken to carrying the doll she called Kevin to bed with her-and soon after, it became obvious that the girl was pregnant. About the same time, Kevin signed up with the Navy.

The case worker who was called in wrote in her report: "This girl is near the moron level. Unfortunately, street gangs and their activities have a powerful attraction to such mentally crippled children-they are the simplest most primitive form of social group, and give the simple-minded a sense of belonging.' All too often, the gang leads to the destruction of such girls."

4). MICKEY was right in the thick of the battle. She was a trim, slender girl with a face that would have been pretty except for a thin-lipped, tight-drawn mouth. At the moment that mouth was shouting for blood.

She stood with boys of the gang, called the Emperors, backed up against the playground fence by the superior forces of the Jacks. Next to her was her "sweet man," the War Lord of the Emperors, a stocky youth wearing a mask and cape and wielding a zipgun in one hand and a fistful of razor blades in the other.

Mickey's assignment was to keep the War Lord's zipgun loaded, but when another of the Emperors went down under the bludgeoning of a baseball bat, she grabbed his weapon, a bayonet, and led a charge directly at the center of the enemy line.

As the police reached the playground, they caught Mickey and two other Emperors scaling the high fence of the playground. When they took her in to the juvenile court, Mickey wanted to be locked up with her male co-fighters, not in the girls' section.

When Mickey first met the Emperors, she'd worked up a good hate toward boys. For one thing, she had three brothers, and in the crowded tenement where she lived, she'd been forced to sleep in the same bed with one or another of them for most of her 16 vears.

After that, she'd lived with and worked for a wealthy single woman who had insisted Mickey sleep in the same bed with her because she was "afraid of prowlers." This led to caresses which Mickey found oddly exciting, and soon the two were lovers.

When Mickey came upon the street gang, she'd just walked out on her Lesbian lover, who had accused her of stealing money, and whom Mickey had savagely beaten.

The strange girl got a good lookover by the gang. The War Lord, called Mister, walked a tight circle around her, sizing her

Suddenly he grabbed her by the belt, lifted her kicking and spitting off the ground and turned her upside down.

"I just had to shake you up a little to see if you'd fall apart."

Mickey was half Mister's size, but she came at him with teeth, fingernails and feet. But he was ready with a knee to the stomach, that left her gasping, doubled up in the dirt.

"Somebody got a blade," he asked. When one was given him, he yanked down her pants and whammed her with a series of sharp stinging blows with the flat of the knife, until the flesh was crimson.

When Mickey got up, she was a fullyinitiated member of the Emperor Debsexcept for one particular ceremony, which the War Lord took care of that night in the back corner of a parking lot.

From that time on, Mickey slept with him wherever he was; when he stayed home with his parents, she sneaked into his room from the fire escape. Her case came to the attention of juvenile workers when she was hospitalized after a beating into which she'd purposely goaded Mister.

The court-attached social worker who

went to see Mickey in the hospital said: "Here is a life almost hopelessly wrecked at 17-a sick creature who revels in the blood and terror of street fighting, a Lesbian who has turned her anger at being born a woman into a weapon with which she beats menand drives them into beating her.'

5). BABE-O is a bright, alert girl, who despite the poverty and dirt in which she's grown up, speaks good English and keeps herself immaculately clean. "I'm just like any normal American girl-who wants to sleep with every living man she sees."

The men have always been around to accommodate her, because Babe-O looks as though she invented curves, and walks as though she aims to exercise every one of them.

Lately though, only a very special group have been able to take advantage of Babe-O's unlimited offer. That group is a so-called "mixed" gang, called the Select Eagles. Seven key members of the gang are white, four are Negro, one is Chinese.

"We don't believe in this segregation jive. Why, when we go on a rumble, we don't care who we burn. Color of skin has nothing to do with it."

The Select Eagles are a very proud, very superior gang. Their armory contains four real pistols-and they have their own clubhouse, a two-room ex-pigeon house on the roof of a tenement. The clubhouse is where Babe-O comes in. Here, she is the private property of the leader, The One-though when the Club needs bread to buy ammunition or wine she turns a trick for the other members at \$1.50 a throw-\$1 for the kitty, 50 cents for Babe-O.

The first time The One saw Babe-O, in Polack's Place, they had big eyes for each other. The One is a handsome, mahoganycolored column of a man (from the West Indies). Babe-O had the smoothest, whitest skin he'd ever seen, and he liked what she packed under it. She'd just started hustling drinks for Polack, but she quit that night and went up to the clubhouse with The One.

For the next three nights, there was considerable grumbling among the Select Eagles, because the door of the converted pigeon palace was barred from the inside. When things got back to normal, and The One showed a willingness to share the natural resources, everybody was very happy with

The One, whose Indies background makes him exceedingly polite toward women, refers to her as "my dear wo-man," and refuses to let her go out with them on raids. When war is on, she stays in "The Nest" and sells her services to sailors who are directed to her by her former boss, Polack.

The Select Eagles, being one of the two major gangs have their own youth board worker, exclusively assigned to them. This man finds that the presence of a girl like Babe-O makes it difficult, or almost impossible to break up a gang or to convert it to a peaceful social club.

"This girl," he says, "holds the gang together by sheer animal sexuality. And that makes them tougher to crack than if they had a whole battery of machineguns."

In an effort to get the Select Eagles under control, the youth board worker even persuaded Babe-O to talk with a psychiatrist, who reports: "Here is a girl who is delinquent purely because of the unusual demands of an

extraordinary body. You can't really say that she's mentally disturbed. Of course, there is a history of some instability in her family, but from all we can tell, she had a warm family life. . . . Perhaps there are some people who are simply 'glandular' delinquents. "

6). STASIA is small, neat, compact, wellmade, with black hair and a turned-up nose. "You think I'm cute," she says, "you ought to see my sister-and my mother!" Stasia never had any delinquency troubles until her 13th year, shortly after she, in her mother's words, "started having woman troubles "

At that time, she started hanging out with various junior gangs of boys and girls, never staying with one for any length of time. Then, when she was 14, Stasia met Finger, a leading member of the biggest gang in the neighborhood, called simply The Young

Finger was a shambling, overgrown 17year-old of barely average intelligence, who seemed only to come to life during a rumbleand whose only distinction was a malformed hand consisting only of a huge thumb and long forefinger, which combined to look very much like a lobster claw.

While remaining technically a virgin, Stasia permitted Finger to do "everything but." Strangest of all was the elaborate, almost worshipful attention which she gave to Finger's misshapen hand. Often, she would sit in the local candy shop with him, caressing the hand. On other occasions, she would massage it with cold cream or baby oil. "Almost like it's her baby," one of the girls in the neigborhood said.

When Finger prepared to go street fighting, he went through an elaborate ritual preparing for battle. He put on track shoes, a leather jacket and, on the crippled hand, a black glove. On his good hand, he wore a white glove. Then came the business of arming Finger. Because his one finger and thumb gripped a knife imperfectly, he had a long-handled stiletto lashed to his arm at the wrist. Stasia insisted on doing all these chores herself.

The cracking point for Stasia came when Finger led The Young People on a foray into another neighborhood. Stasia followed, since it was a "light-armed" fight, where both gangs had met beforehand and agreed not to burn with guns.

When the two armies met on a dead-end street, it turned out the police had been tipped off. They moved in quickly to break up the action before it started, and in the course of the struggle, several shots were

Finger fell to the ground, grabbing at a wound on his deformed arm. At the hospital, it was necessary to amputate at the elbow, which meant that Finger was out of gang fighting for keeps.

Stasia suffered a complete emotional breakdown, during which she tried twice to commit suicide. Finally, she was sent away to stay with an aunt in another city, where she was persuaded to see a psychiatrist.

That psychiatrist had much light to shed on Stasia's behavior: "It sounds almost ridiculous, but this very attractive little girl suffered from an "ugly duckling" complex, always feeling that her sister and mother were the beauties of the family. . . . Thus, it's easy to see why she responded so strongly



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to the ugliness in someone else-in the form of a boy's maimed hand. Fortunately, this girl's trouble is something we can work out. in time."

7). LIVVY won every beauty contest in the city. She had blazing red hair and skin the color and smoothness of pearl. She lived with her mother and stepfather and three younger stepsisters five flights up over the corner candy store. When she walked by that corner, the boys on the Lancers didn't make remarks or issue strange noises from their throats as they did when most "broads" went by. They just stood and gaped with their months half open.

Then the President of the Lancers, who was nicknamed Reader because he was not only very quick with a knife, but also read books, got an idea.

"What this gang needs to make it a really swinging gang is like a White Goddess."

Reader was high enough on vodka to put the suggestion to Livvy and, to his surprise, she took him up on it.

She was installed in a newly fixed-up room in the deserted tenement that served as the Lancer's clubhouse, and a strict set of rules was established to guide the member's behavior toward her. None of the gang could enter the room while Livvy was there, except for Reader. And no one, even Reader, was to touch her.

When a rumble was planned, all the Lancers brought their weapons to Reader, and he in turn took them to the Goddess. who kissed them and said a spell that Reader had gotten from one of his books.

Then one day Livvy didn't show up as expected for the ceremony of blessing the weapons. Reader went to her family's apartment, but couldn't get in. He went through a window via the fire escape, and found Livvy in a bedroom being ravished by her stepfather. In the resulting fight, the stepfather got superficial knife wounds. The two youngsters were sent away to juvenile homes.

The psychologist who studied this striking case had this to say: "Here is a case where a criminal band of juveniles worshipped a figure of virginal goodness, only to be betrayed by the adult world. This is an extreme example, but at times, the girls who associate themselves with gangs are treated with respect-and even, in some cases, can lead to rehabilitation of the members."

8.) BURNSY is the kid sister of one of the former members of the Baywaters. From the time she was eight years old, she used to trail him over to the Recreation Center where the gang got together.

"Burnsy, go get me a stick."

"Burnsy, go back to my house and see if my old man is still drunk.'

Whatever the gang wants, Burnsy does. She is the eternal messenger, and kid sister.

When her brother left the gang to get married and take a clerking job at the Post Office, Burnsy attached herself to the War Lord of the Baywaters, whose name was Dwarf. He was a boy about five feet tall, with the torso of a heavyweight boxer and the legs of a seven-year-old child. He walked with the slow, shuffling gait of one who has had a certain kind of polio.

Dwarf liked to give people advice, and since Burnsy would always listen, they became close friends-though the idea never occurred to Dwarf to try "making it" with her, even though by that time she was 15.

Once, and only once, Burnsy went with Dwarf and the rest of the Baywaters when they robbed a food store in another neighborhood. The owner called a cop and gave chase, following them as far as the Expressway that marked the beginning of the Baywaters' territory.

Everybody got across, ducking through the traffic, except slow-moving Dwarf and the girl, who hesitated, unable to decide whether she should follow the gang or be loyal to Dwarf. At the last minute, she dashed after the gang, and was struck down by a trailer truck.

Now, Burnsy can no longer follow the Baywaters, though she's with them in spirit. She lies at home, her body permanently twisted out of shape. The doctor who treats her calls her, "the kind of person with little ego, who lives only through others. Now, unluckily, she is pretty well prevented from getting even that much out of life." Certainly, Burnsy represents one kind of girl who frequently finds an upside-down sort of meaning in life by fastening herself to a teenage male gang.

9.) MAELLEN is a sweet-faced longlegged girl, who looks like a typical college freshman, perhaps more attractive than most... Then you look more closely and note that the pupils of her eyes are tiny pinpoints. After a while, you observe that her features are indefinite, as though a transparent veil hung over the face. Maellen is a joy-popper, she is hooked on heroin, she is a full-fledged drug

T all began when Maellen was 16 and her mother, who was recently divorced, stopped getting payments and had to go to work, She left the key with Maellen, and the girl made good use of it. She turned the place into an afternoon social club for the big local gang, which was simply known as The Gang.

Maellen was, from the beginning, a tryanything-once girl. According to court records, she admitted having become the mistress of a petty neighborhood hoodlum at 17. "But I got bored with that. Sex is okay. It's just that I found something better."

When she first had the gang up to her apartment, Maellen got her kicks by going out with the boys when they "borrowed" cars and went marauding into the next gang's turf. Through the gang, she met a photographer, who hired her as a model. The photographer wasn't interested in her as a conquest-he was a homosexual-but they discovered a mutual interest in drugs.

Now, mainly because Maellen's place is the only available clubhouse for The Gang, she is still important to them. But the gang leaders disapprove of her habit. "Once in a while, a smoke or two, to cool you off, like." they say. "But when a gang starts taking it in the vein, they go all soft. They go to pieces fast."

The police, anxious to clean up the whole gang situation, haven't yet moved in on Maellen or her source of supply. They have this to say about girls like Maellen: "When a gang breaks up, usually there's a girl involved somewhere-often a girl like this one. We want to see it happen. Then we'll ship this poor kid off to Lexington and, we hope, the cure."

THE TWO TOUGHEST MEN IN THE WORLD

continued from page 37

bully, braggart, wastrel he might be; a man who had deserted his lawful wife for Ann Livingston, the notorious burlesque queen, a bum stage actor (as the blacksmith hero of "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands"), a general hell-raiser and first-class sinner.

But he was the best-known American in the world: a man idolized above Buffalo Bill Cody, a man whose words were quoted more frequently than William Jennings Bryan's, a man whose bull-necked, marvelously-mustachioed Irish face could draw a bigger crowd anywhere, anytime, than Little Egypt, P. T. Barnum, Diamond Jim Brady and Lily Langtry all put together. For John Lawrence Sullivan was not simply a man—he was an institution.

AS summer faded into fall this muscular drawing card could have been found, almost any afternoon, at what waggish reporters laughingly called "John's training camp" in the eastern part of Long sland. "Almost any afternoon" is the only adequate phrase, for the Champion, portly and florid from too much night training at the brass rails or in the curvaceous Ann Livingston's boudoir, wasn't worrying over such nonsense as skipping rope, dieting or roadwork. Hell, the fight was still a month away! He was 33 years old. He could guzzle several bottles of champagne with a dinner nearly as big as Diamond Jim's, then hit the saloons along the fashionable Bowery for a quart or two of whiskey with a few of his thousands of friends and admirers. By God, sir! Could any man do all this if he wasn't in shape? Sure, he had developed a rump and a roll of blubber around his middle, but his neck and shoulders were still rock-hard, and his arms superb and his fists like sledges. He'd been Champ for ten years and he could still hit harder drunk than any other living man could sober-and anybody disputing it had the chance to find out, John L.'s famous offer still stood: \$1000 spot cash to anyone staying four rounds in any ring with him. Only two men had ever collected-and both had done it by falling down for a count of nine every time John looked at them. "My record speaks for me!" John could roar proudly. How many fighters could claim to have fought hundreds of men over ten years with such results?

If it hadn't been for three Irishmen, James J. Corbett, late of the Olympic Club, and later still of the National Bank (both San Francisco establishments), might never have become what he was in the approaching fall of 1892: the second most talked about man in America. As it was, "Pompadour Jim," as he was derisively called by some, could not step into any street in New York City now without being followed by the curious and singled out as "that dude that thinks he can lick John L..."

The tall, lithe, handsome and supremely confident challenger didn't mind it. The snickers of shoeshine boys didn't bother him any more than did the loud comments from restaurant tables, streetcars and horsecabs. "Look out, Pompadour Jim—John's behind you!" some card would call, amid

the laughter from the smart money and the blushing grins of the lovely, bustled ladies (they called them "birdies" in those days), but Jim Corbett never ruffled. He laughed with them. He tipped his straw hat, swung his cane and bowed genteely in acknowledgement of the insuperable wittiness of these remarks. Dammit! It was really hard to hate the fellow. He did not boast overmuch, cringe or apologize for thinking he could lick John L.

And that training camp. Kids . . . kids, mind you, were let in to watch Pompadour Jam skip rope and dance around like a fool. Man, how that man did dance around! And many's the time he'd warned his trainers and sparring partners about cussing. Cussing, mind you! And just try getting in if you were a reporter. Or try bringing a drink into the place. Jim Corbett was 25, but he acted like 95. Never a party. Living on milk and ice-cream. Cautious as hell. Conserving his strength-at 25! For what? How the hell could man get to be champion of the world by conserving his strength? A man had to fight and rough it to be champ. By God-look at John L. By heaven, sir! There was a man!

Few people outside his native California thought much of Jim or of his chances. The greatest accolade the eastern folks could pay him was to note his calm, charming manners and clothes, and to drop (in some quarters, reluctantly) the "Pompadour Jim" in favor of the kinder, more palatable, "Gentleman Jim." But few there were even in the fight game-who had bothered much beyond that. Somewhere in the obscure past, in the obscure West, the tall slender California dude must have had a ring record of some sort. Some never doubted it. But so what? What ring record on earth matched John L. Sullivan's? Whose courage matched John L. Sullivan's? Who in the world had ever dented that iron jaw or withstood those steel fists? By God, sir! John L. had met some men!

HOSE who might have bothered investigating would have discovered that "Gentleman Jim" did, indeed, have a ring record of sorts. As a matter of fact, while still a bank messenger and clerk Jim had become amateur boxing heavyweight champion of the fancy San Francisco Olympic Club. By his late teens he had licked tough Joe Choyniski in a bloody, drag-out battle in which Jim had worn "pillows" and the shrewd Joe a pair of skin-tight driving gloves calculated to slice up his opponent. After 27 rounds, Joe, choking on his own blood, had had enough. And after that this same cocky, smiling kid had taken-and chopped down in just 9 rounds-the spunky Jake Kilrain who had given John L. the roughest 75 rounds of his career only eight months earlier. Then, the following May, Gentleman Jim had gone on to an amazing 61-round draw against the great Australian Negro heavyweight (some called him the greatest all-round fighter in the world), Peter Jackson,

But these were only the highlights, for James J. Corbett, like John L. Sullivan,

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believed in taking on all comers-winnertake-all-any time, any place, any style. Some few of John L.'s many fans recalled, of course, that the great man had once "fought" an exhibition bout in the San Francisco Grand Opera House with young Jim. It had been a laugh. Everybody had hooted and roared over John L.'s little joke on the smart kid when John had decreed that the "bout" would be "fought" in white tie and tails, with only their coats off. Naturally, Corbett had swallowed John's joke and grinned. Corbett always grinned. But he'd known John had done it to make a monkey out of him. . . . What few of Sullivan's fans knew about was Corbett's outrageous remark to his manager, Billy Delaney, after the bout, "Billy, I can whip this fellow!" And from then on it had been his purpose to prove it.' . . .

If there was one thing John L. Sullivan was not, that was a snot. And if there was anything John L. disliked it was a snot. And that was just what James J. Corbett was, as near as Sullivan could figure: a snub-nosed, grinning, smart-alecky little snot from California. "To the woods with Corbett!" as John liked to put it. It was his 1890's version of "Drop dead!"

JOHN L. himself had thought it all out, in justice to his position as Heavyweight Champion of America (and, except for those "damned Englishmen" who kept dodging him-of the World), and had arrived at several reasons why he didn't like Corbett. . . . First, he didn't like brass monkeys who played it high-toned in their spats and canes for the birdies with the bustles, while claiming they was "fighters" when they was goddamned dudes. Second, he didn't like powder-puff punchers and fancy dans who went around smoking up a fight just to build themselves up with their public. And third. . . . Well, the hell with it. It was all there, in Sullivan's open challenge which he had printed in the newspapers, for everybody to read, the challenge that goddamn snot, James J. Corbett, had used to rope him into a fight that would probably make him lose prestige with his fans by not letting him work up a good sweat before Mr. Gentleman Iim was horizontal on the turf! Indeed, when sufficiently in his cups, John L. said as much-and

"Corbett or anybody-you know me, boys! I'll give 'em the same old fight! I'll give 'em what I gave Steve Taylor, Paddy Rvan, Kilrain, Mitchell-and what I'd like to give Jem Smith, that shifty Englishman, if he's ever man enough to meet me!" John L. had great dignity and power when speaking about fighting, and everybody listened. And he would conclude his speeches:

"As always, I am your warm and personal friend, John L. Sullivan!"

Yes. Three Irishmen had been responsible for creating James J. Corbett. The first had been an old-country Irishman, Patrick J. Corbett, his father, who had given him his life, his pride and his fierce independence. The second had been William A. Brady: that huckster of the Gay Nineties, whose advice and press-agentry was forcing Corbett's name into the reluctant American sporting mind. The third, ironically, was that supreme (although American born) son of Erin himself, John Lawrence Sullivan, whose marvelous contempt and sheer "mick" fighting spirit had moved him to issue his magnificent manifesto of self-respect: "I hereby challenge all bluffers . . . !"

As August rolled into September no nation on earth which followed the Manly Art could get enough news about the coming match between the Great John L. and his "cocky" young challenger. That perhaps John, himself, might be a mite "cocky," too, was not something to enter anyone's mind. John didn't really brag-he simply made true statements when he promised he would knock Corbett's well-groomed head off his shoulders come the night of September 7th, 1892. Many still remember the remark made by the famous sportsman, Col. McLewee, that evening when Corbett had approached him to request financial backing to meet John's terms:

"Gosh A'Mighty! What? Fight Sullivan? Do you want to get murdered?" No. They didn't give Corbett much chance. The "smart" money, as the time approached awas at 4 to 1, and nobody needed to ask who the favorite was.

But Corbett smiled, advising his close friends and associates to "put your money on me, gentlemen"-and they promptly went out and put it on the champion instead. This finally stung the proud Californian. An old friend, Tom Williams, bet \$5,000 on John. Jim wrote to him:

"Tom, I understand you are betting on Sullivan. . . . I wish you would switch your bet. . . . I'm in splendid condition. You saw me fight Choyinski and Jackson. You know I can go the distance; and no man who has lived the life that Sullivan has lived can beat me in a finish fight." After receiving this letter Tom Williams did reconsider. Then he went out and bet \$10,000 more on Sullivan.

ONE evening, as Corbett dodged about a ring giving a short exhibition of his new form of boxing, a bottle was thrown at him, narrowly missing his handsome head.

"And yore the guy that thinks he can fight Sullivan?" yelled a scornful Irish voice from the gallery.

"I'm going to beat him!" answered Corbett, barely interrupting his timing. . . . Next day, as Jim Cobrett sat in a popular ice-cream parlor, he could hear the comments-some snide, some pitying-all around him.

"There's the fellow that's going to fight Sullivan!" said a young man,

"What!" replied his companion sarcastically. "That chap eating the ice-cream?"

There was, of course, the usual horse-

Just before the fight one of Jim's chief backers refused to put up the remainder of the necessary money, claiming lamely that he'd been told Corbett had been "out on a bat." It was an example of last-minute cold feet, and Jim knew it. He and Brady and Billy Delaney, his faithful trainer, had to run around until the purse was made up. But Corbett was determined to beat Sullivan-now, more than ever. He had taken too much, waited too long, worked too hard, to give up.

And then another crisis: Some of his main backers had grown timid and wanted to weigh Gentleman Jim, who looked too light. In a near-panic of his own, Jim took drastic action. He appeared for weighing (at a butcher-shop!) wearing his overcoat. The backers let him keep it on, since he was cold and they didn't want him becoming sick.

"How much do you weigh?" they asked.
"One ninety-two," he said without losing his smile.

"Let's see. Step up." They watched, amazed. "By god, boys—192 it is! He sure doesn't look it stripped!" And when they had gone, Jim sighed heavily, looked at the worried Brady and Delaney, then took four iron pulley-weights out of his coat pockets. Without this sudden inspiration James J. Corbett would have actually weighed in at a frightening 178!

But this was a side of Jim Corbett which the public did not see. They saw only the dude, the fancy-dan, the smart-aleck who was nervy enough to think he could stand up to Sullivan, the fastest, the hardesthitting, the pluckiest champion who had ever broken a knuckle over an opponent's shaved head.

Upon their arrival in New Orleans John and his manager, Jimmy Wakely, and their retinue checked into the Young Men's Club, the biggest in the state. James J. and his own group were received by the Southern Athletic Club, where he'd once whipped Jake Kilrain. The odds were now 4 to 1 in New Orleans. John L., feeling fit, took it easy in his hotel room. Contentedly lighting a big, black cigar, he repeated his Brooklyn speech of the week before to the local press: "I thank you for your kind reception. One week from Wednesday night will decide whether I am the John L. Sullivan of old-or the John L. Sullivan passed by. . . ." And then he hoisted a few with his friends

By evening Brady, who had gone out to lay \$3000 on Corbett, was back excitedly. "My God, Jim. They're betting five to

one on Sullivan!"
"That's great!" replied Corbett. "Did

you put the money up?"

Sheepishly Brady replied he had not, adding: "Don't you think, Jim, we'd better keep it in case you get licked?"

That finally did it for Gentleman Jim. "Get out!" he exploded. "And don't you come back unless that \$3000 is on!" So even his own manager felt that way! "By God!" he cried aloud to the door. "Sullivan's not the only Irishman around—and they're damn well going to find it out!"

There was a gaiety all over New Orleans that evening of September 7th, 1892, as the great champion and his friends mounted their open carriages and rode magnificently, singing and waving to spectators. It was approaching fight-time and the mighty gladiator, John L. himself, was on his way to toe the scratch against an upstart. "That's Sullivan!" cried the delighted crowds along the way. And three cheers rang from every corner. John had never felt better. He had even trained—after his fashion—for this one. "By God, boys!" he told them. "Victory is in my very bones!"

Inside, going to the dressing-rooms, Bill Delaney wiped his forehead. They could still hear the shouts and jeers from outside. "I told you not to wear that outfit, Jim!" he said again.

"And what did you want me to wear: a dirty cap, a turtleneck sweater and a pug's scowl?" asked Corbett sarcastically. "Let

them come and bet—we'll see how they laugh after that."

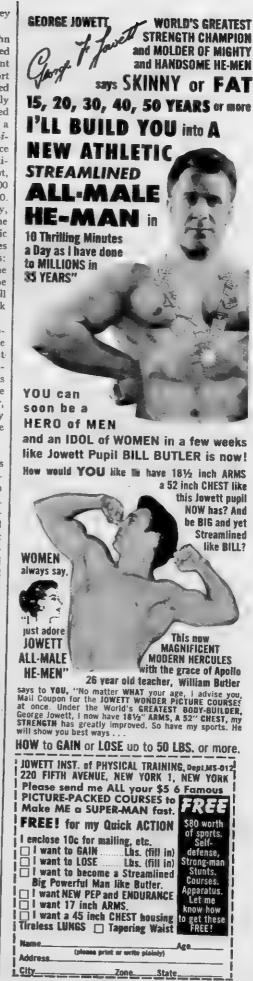
When it came time for the ring, John L. Sullivan walked out in his tights, robed and toweled heavily, his fine, luxuriant mustache gone now, his hair sheared short to his skull. Under the robe the excited crowd could see his marvelous, slightly sloping shoulders. His big, still ungloved hands flexed eagerly as he moved. Then a great roar went up: "Sull-i-van! Sulli-i-van! Sull-i-van!" they cried till the place shook. It was just 8:55 P.M. A crowd estimated at 6-10,000 was packed into the hot, smoky auditorium. Of these some 5-6000 had shelled out an average of \$12.00. Seats went at from \$5.00 to \$25.00 officially, with ringside as high as \$100.00, under the table. The gate had been the most gigantic of its time-as expected: \$60,000. Besides Sullivan there would be other attractions: for the first time a gong would call the rounds, and five-ounce gloves would be used by both fighters, sounding the knell for the bare-knuckle days. John L.'s work had borne results.

For the challenger there was polite applause, a few hisses and some shouts. He walked out robed and toweled, also, but his legs were oddly bare. He saw the reception his opponent was receiving and his smile never left his finely-featured face. He had turned 26 on the first of September, six days before, and he had trained very hard, and he didn't believe in worry. He was ready.

but he was also a ring general, and as he approached the square he saw that Sullivan was hanging back. John wanted him in first, but Corbett wasn't having any. The two waited. The crowd waited. Finally Jim said: "You're the champion and I'm the short end. You're going in that ring first if we stand here all night!" Enraged by Corbett's nerve, Sullivan snorted scornfully. He grabbed the ropes and bounded in—and the crowd nearly went out of its collective head in the greatest ovation any fighter had ever heard.

Corbett bit his lip, said nothing, and went in after the champ, who was acknowledging his reception. The floor was turf. At 8:30 the roof tarpaulins had been rolled back to let in air, but a sudden squall had fallen through on audience and turf before the tarps could be unrolled. Worse yet, Jim had on solid soles for boxing on plank, At least somebody had found sense enough to sprinkle sawdust over the wet turf. Cautiously Corbett began stepping quickly around his corner. "Hey . . some fancy dancing!" yelled a wit. Jim didn't care. The footing was better than he'd expected. Unknowingly, from necessity, he'd created a before-the-fight ritual which would be enacted in perfectly dry corners of rings all over the world down through boxing history.

Sullivan already had on his fighting glare: a bull-like, angry stare which had petrified many an opponent. Corbett saw it and smiled. Sullivan looked madder. He had a "wicked eye" for Corbett. Gentleman Jim removed his robe and the audience reacted with hoots and yells. "Say, you forgot your pants!" howled a comic. Jim ignored it, then surpressed a laugh at seeing the champion's very genuine outrage and shock. Instead of wearing the traditional





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tights and stockings, Jim was wearing trunks so brief that they disappeared into his crotch.

Referee John Duffy called both men to center ring. Corbett kept grinning and bowing to imaginary friends in the crowd. He wasn't going to have Sullivan think he was alone in there. Ten thousand people were silent. The referee began reviewing the rules. Corbett's grin broadened. He certainly looked cocksure. Sullivan scowled and stood up and down on his toes. Meanwhile the gloves were being weighed at ringside. Corbett's constant grin was getting John L.'s goat, and that was just what Jim wanted.

"When I tell you to break I want you to drop your arms," Duffy continued.

Jim Corbett suddenly sneered. "That's very well," he said. "But suppose this fellow takes a punch at me when I drop my arms?"

"If he does, he'll lose the fight," retorted Duffy as Sullivan turned blue with anger.

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She was a girl with only one goal in life: collecting men. And with Tonya Brownfield's equipment, it was no contest. Tonya picked a juicy playground to parade her lush wares, all of China, Burma, and India in the of WWII, when American days volunteer flyers were as eager to hold a woman as they were to hold on to life itself. The shark's mouth was their insigtheir love. nia-Tonya was their loving mascot - THRILLING, ACTION-PACKED COMPLETE BOOK BONUS BY GREGORY "PAPPY" BOYINGTON. GREAT WWII AIR ACE, AUTHOR OF "BAA, BAA BLACK SHEEP."

Ignoring John's glare, Corbett replied, "That's all I wanted to know!" He jerked a towel off his shoulders and spinning around stalked away calling, "Let 'er go!' The surprised audience gave an almost involuntary cheer for the calm boy. They could see it suddenly: "Why this kid really believes he can whip Sullivan!" John saw it, too, and kept trying to catch Corbett's eye as the gloves were put on, but Jim pointedly ignored him, which didn't make

He looked fit to commit murder by now.

John love him any more. John L. Sullivan's weight had been correctly announced as 212 pounds, but when Corbett's was given as 195 it drew some light laughter. The rules were announced as Marquis of Queensberry, the match as

a title bout. Then the bell rang.

From the start Sullivan was the aggressor. He moved in as Corbett danced away. Gentleman Jim, cool and scientific, was drawing his opponent out, learning all he could about Sullivan's tactics and strength. John L., half-crouching, pushed Corbett into a corner, not realizing it was Gentleman Jim's idea. Each time John L. set himself, slapping his left thigh with his left hand to balance himself, then letting a terrific right go. But Corbett was back out in the center of the ring wearing that irritating smile. John L. kept trying. He bored in angrily, cornering Jim in every corner, slapping his thigh unconsciously before uncorking that deadly right. The round ended without a blow.

In the 2nd, Sullivan came to scratch, fists up and ready for business. Jim teased. Sullivan swung and missed. Tried again, missed. Missed again. Jim danced back. The crowd began hissing him and yelling: "Sprinter!"

Jim paused, holding up both hands to them. "Wait a while!" he announced cockily. "You'll see a fight!"

Just then John L. charged roaring with anger, but Gentleman Jim was dancing off again without throwing a punch in return. At the end of the round the "galleybirds" gave the sweating John a great cheer.

Corbett bounced to his corner and said to Brady and Delaney: "Why I could whip this fellow slugging!" That threw them into a panic and they began pleading with him not to take chances. "All right," he said, "but I'll take a good punch at him this round, anyway."

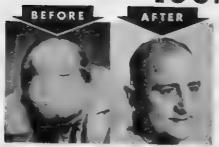
Round three. John L. came shooting out. Corbett ducked him. John turned and charged again. Corbett sprinted back lightly, stopped suddenly, and shot a hard rightleft combination into Sullivan's middle. This drew a first cheer for Gentleman Jim. With a bellow John L. uncorked a murderous punch that barely missed, then Corbett drove his lightning right-left into the champion's stomach again. Facing each other they exchanged blows, Corbett deftly dodging Sullivan's wide "fight-enders" and side-stepping his famous choppers. Bulllike John L. herded Jim into a corner, aiming several lefts that missed the weaving challenger.

Suddenly Corbett put everything into a smashing left that rocked Sullivan's head back. The amazed crowd came to its feet with a roar. Who'd said this kid couldn't hit? Then John L. found Jim's battery driving him toward his own corner. As the bell rang the crowd was hysterical and the champion broke off with blood streaming from a nose that had been flattened by the Californian's incredible attack. Even Jimmy Wakely looked worried,

With the bell for the fourth, Sullivan roared out and struck at empty air. Corbett came up swinging for John's nose and as Sullivan recoiled the stream of red began again. From that point on James J. Corbett took over the fight. Jabbing, dancing, feinting, weaving; throwing the new-style "hooks" he had perfected to safeguard his relatively weak knuckles; crossing in rights; picking his mark and sending batteries of solid punches while making Sullivan miss his desperate hammer-blows and haymakers-Gentleman Jim Corbett began chopping down a living legend right before the unbelieving eyes of the idol-worshippers. He hit at will. He boxed as nobody in the history of the ring had ever boxed before.

His brief "shorts" had produced amusement and outrage-as everything about Gentleman Jim seemed to do-in comparison with John L.'s conventional ring attire. But now the crowd saw the purpose of this "outlandish" and "indecent" costume. It was John L. Sullivan, the old, versus James J. Corbett, the new. They were as different as their fighting togs, as their bodies, as their dispositions, as their styles. Nobody saw it clearer than John L., him-

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ing from them. Take a look at the unretouched pictures on this page. All these people THOUGHT their hair roots were dead. But their own before and after photos prove their hair follicles MUST HAVE BEEN ALIVE. Today, as you can see for yourself, hair is growing from former bald areas.



AFTER being almost bald for 20 years—with only a rim around his head and a few hoirs down the middle—Roy Smith of Goble, Oregon, now looks like the right hand picture. His friends and relatives could hardly believe their eyes at the change on his scalp.

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The two formulas, together with the unique Brandenfels pressure massage method, are designed to bring about a healthier condition of the scalp area, to soften the scalp and to increase the supply of blood to the entire scalp area. Carl Brandenfels believes that proper use of his HOME PLAN may, in many cases, produce a condition which will help nature allow hair to grow.

Carl Brandenfels does not class his product with the so-called "hair growers." While results may vary from individual to individual (as with any remedy) because of systemic differences, general health and localized scalp conditions, here is real and tangible prospects of success in a substantial portion of cases. Carl Brandenfels believes that many bald people have roots that are still alive even though no hair is growing from them. And so long as your hair roots are alive there may be a possibility of getting them into production again.

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DEADLY BROAD

continued from page 17

"I'm sorry," I said. "I'm afraid I was staring. I'm Max Raven." I moved past her to my chair behind the desk.

She waited until I'd sat down. Then she said, "The elevator man let me in. My name is Cain. Naomi Cain." The diction was pure finishing school and grand tour for graduation and the sound was moonlight falling on a rumpled bed.

I sucked in a slow breath and hitched up my chair. "What can I do for you?"

When she spoke I was in. Her voice had shifted several degrees in intimacy and it moved things inside you you'd forgotten were there. "You were recommended to me by Roscoe Shedd," she said. "I'm in trouble. I'd like to retain you if you're free."

I worked that over for a minute, frowning, and then Roscoe Shedd registered and my surprise must have showed.

"I see," I said. "Then you're from New York."

It was hard to figure. She was a million miles out of Roscoe's class. His specialty was au naturel pigeon pie for lodge stags and fraternity smokers. A flesh merchant. After they cast him, the mold collapsed.

"Oh, no," she said. "I've lived in New York but my husband's home is here in Chicago. I left when we were married."

There was something in the way she said it. It was more than just a casual remark and something clicked. I connected the name with the finishing-school diction and the expensive clothes. That Cain, The societypage Cain. Cain Pharmaceuticals and God knows what else. Vague memories of Cain marrying a young wife rose dimly in the back of my mind.

"Mrs. Jedediah Cain?" I said.

"Yes," she said softly.

I studied her with a new interest. I was in the presence of the truly anointed, the consort of a great khan. I found I couldn't quarrel with his taste.

I had the impression that she was trembling suddenly, balanced on a personal tightrope of taut nerves. "You mentioned trouble," I said. "What kind of trouble, Mrs. Cain?"

She looked at her cigarette and said, "I'm being blackmailed, Mr. Raven."

"I guess that's trouble," I said. "What have they got?"

"Telling a stranger is going to be a little difficult," she said, and then added hesitantly, "I'm ashamed."

"You just hired me, Mrs. Cain," I said. "I'm no stranger. Trouble is my life story."

"I got out of high school in 1945. I was 17 and I wanted to be an actress so I went to New York with a hundred dollars borrowed from my high school English teacher. My mother died that same year. I've always felt she was only waiting until I was on my own. At any rate it took about two years to find out I didn't have any acting talent. But I photographed well and I was doing quite well in modeling when I met the man I planned to marry."

She looked at me very directly and said cooly. "I would be less than honest if I said the prime qualification in a man wasn't money. I was looking for a rich man, Mr. Raven, and I found him. His name is Leslie Parminter. Perhaps you've heard of him."

I'd heard the name. Parminter textiles. Loaded. A racer of yachts and a polo player. I nodded.

"I wanted to be engaged and courted," she said, "so we were not married right away. I wanted to know all about him before the wedding, the romantic prelude to girlish dreams. I found out. I found out things that once would have made me turn and run but because I loved him I didn't. At that age I suppose the worst sin is unsophistication."

"Leslie was obsessed with sex, Mr. Raven. He had a fantastic collection of pornography and little by little I saw it all. If you have ever seen the kind of pornography I'm talking about, you will probably understand when I say that I was fascinated as well as repelled. It was calculated to excite and if I said I was only sickened I would be

"It troubled me but I found explanations for it. He had been in the war and wounded in the invasion of Italy and discharged. There was nothing wrong with him but he was bitter and terribly restless. I thought the pornography was just an outgrowth of this and a craving for excitement. I thought he would change after we were married."

She looked down at her hands in her lap and waited a moment and then said quickly, "He made love to me. I wasn't seduced or tricked into bed. I was in love with him and I wanted him."

She stopped talking then and looked up and there was a soft hurt in her eyes. She seemed to have come to some kind of a mental hurdle she couldn't get over.

I waited, pretty damn sure of what she was going to say and why it was difficult for her.

Then she said, "One night in his apartment shortly before we were to be married he said he had something to show me. He brought out a flat package. I had no idea what it was. I opened it and there were some pictures. Large photographic blowups, mounted. He had a darkroom in his apartment. He was interested in photography."

She laughed weakly and I could see her pulse beneath the pearls in the soft hollow of her throat fluttering like a leaf in a high

"Oh, God, that's funny all of a sudden," she whispered. "He was interested in photography. The understatement of the year." She buried her face in her hands.

I started to get up.

"No," she said. "I'm all right." She took her hands away and her eyes glistened. "I had them there in my lap," she said. "I had seen what they were but they were turned around and I didn't realize right away that they . . . that they were . . . pictures of the two of us on his bed like those in his col-

"Never mind, Mrs. Cain," I said. "I can figure the rest from there. When did the pictures turn up again?"

She didn't answer right away. She got out another cigarette and I leaned forward and lit it for her. I was very close and her lips trembled and suddenly, incongruously, her humiliation was strongly sexual and I felt the rising tide of desire inside. It was like coming upon Oueen Nefertiti in the crib of a two-dollar brothel. The lady off her pedestal and stripped naked by circumstance.

I had to look away.

When I turned back to her she was looking at me oddly and for a wildly unhinged moment it was as though she'd been able to guess what had passed through my mind.

HEN in a calm voice she went on, "I was first contacted a month ago. I had gone with my husband Jed on the boat up to a place we have in Door County on the Peninsula. It was there with the mail when we came back. A flat brown envelope with my name on it, marked personal. A set of the pictures was inside with a note. I was to wait for a phone call. I met him at a place called the Blue Grotto on the near North Side and paid him \$3,000. There was nothing I could do. I couldn't go to the police and I couldn't go to Jed. If that had been possible I could have done something. But it was out of the question so I paid them."

"I see. What did you get for your \$3,000?" "A set of negatives."

"And that was supposed to have been the end of it?"

"That's what I was led to believe."

"What about Parminter?"

"I've talked to him. I saw him in New York about a week after I'd paid them. At first he tried to deny that he'd kept the pictures at all. Finally he admitted there had been an extra set, of prints. There had been a series of burglaries while he was in Florida last winter and his apartment had been one of them. They took his collection, along with the other things."

"Are they after him too?"

"No," she said bitterly. Her face was very pale, the skin drawn tightly over the fine bone structure. "He had obliterated his face in the pictures. He couldn't be identified."

"How many are there?"

"Seven. They have the complete set."

"What did you mean when you said it didn't seem as though the note could have been written by the man who met you?"

"It was the way he dressed, the way he talked. Here-" She opened her bag and took out a folded piece of paper. "That was early in July." She handed it to me. "I received this yesterday," she said. "One of the pictures was with it. I can buy them back for \$5,000 apiece, one at a time."

My dear Mrs. Cain:

I so thoroughly enjoyed our little tête-à-tête a short time back that I

thought, since I'm to be out your way again, we might repeat it. The enclosed reminder of our mutual interest may be a disappointment to you in that you may have believed that aspect of our relationship had been terminated. If I misled you I feel compelled to apologize but let me say too that, in regard to our previous discussion, I have since concluded there must be an end to all things. My associates and myself have agreed to make it possible for you to purchase the authentic originals in which you expressed an interest. Since, however, artwork of this genre is exceedingly rare vou will understand our reluctance to knock down the entire collection at once. Call it sentimental attachment or what you will on our part but should you still be interested we are willing to dispose of them over a period of time at \$5,000 each. I shall call you on the morning of the 2nd and look forward to meeting you again.

There was no signature.

"Fun-loving bastard, isn't he?" I said.

"I'll keep these," I said, and opened the drawer of my desk and dropped them in.

"That will do it for now, Mrs. Cain. From what you've told me we may be dealing with an amateur. Perhaps someone who knew both Parminter and you. The use of a go-between—if the man you met was a go-between as you suspect—would indicate that. He can't deal with you himself for fear of being recognized. The notes, if the other one was the same, have an amateurish touch too."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Right now, go home and try not thinking about it. When he calls, you call me as soon as you have your instructions. Then do exactly as he tells you. I'll be watching. It's that crude, but it might pay off."

"You haven't mentioned money," she said. She reached into her bag and got out a thin red wallet of fine leather. She took two bills from it and laid them on the desk. They were hundreds. Crisp, clean hundred-dollar bills. "Will this be sufficient retainer?" she said.

"That will be fine," I said. I dug out my receipt book.

"I want those pictures, Mr. Raven," she said as I scrawled. "I know I'm going to be bled white unless you can get them for me. It would mean the end of everything with Jed if they ever got to him. I have money of my own that will last a while but not a great deal. I can't go to him when that's gone."

I blotted the receipt.

"The day you hand them over to me," she said, "I'll pay you \$10,000 over and above your bill."

I looked up. "That's very generous, Mrs. Cain."

The cool dark eyes flitted over my collar and up to my face. "I hope you don't think too badly of me," she said. "I wish . . ."

"If that's the start of some sort of apology to me," I said, "it isn't called for. I don't think anything at all."

"Thank you," she said. "I'm very grateful."
I pushed the receipt for the 200 across the desk and picked up the two bills. "My rates are 50 a day and expenses," I said. "I'll be waiting for your call in the morning." I rose.

She stood up, holding the straw picture hat and her bag in one hand and extended the other. She took your breath away.

Watching her, I thought of Jedediah Cain, a man in his 60's even if he did have all the money in the Middle West.

The next morning I got down to the office early.

She phoned at 11:00. She had been called. She was to be at a place called the Lido Lounge on the South Side at 2:30. She gave me a number on West 63rd. It was the same deal as before. Be there and wait.

After lunch I drove south on Michigan down to 60th then cut over to State down to 63rd.

At one end of the bar a white-jacketed bartender was poring over a scratch sheet.

The only other customer was sitting at the piano. He looked white from where I was standing. He was wearing dark glasses. There was a shaker of something and a cocktail glass on the piano but he didn't need it. His hands were lazy long-legged spiders on the keys and the notes came dribbling out as if they didn't want to go and almost crept across the floor.

Nobody paid any attention to me.

I nursed my scotch for 20 minutes or so and had another. The guy at the piano stopped playing and ambled toward me. He set the cocktail shaker and the glass on the bar about two stools away. The bartender looked over and raised his eyebrows. The piano player shook his head. The bartender looked away. The piano player took a cigarette from the pocket of his coat and lit it. The reflection of the match flame wavered in the dark glasses. He had a face like a tired Italian count and the eyes behind the glasses were right on me for just an instant as he blew out the match.

"Nice piano," I said.

"Glad you liked it," he said. He dropped the match in an ash tray, turned, and walked through a door at the back.

Naomi Cain came in when the brass clock behind the bar was still two minutes away from 2:30. Our eyes met and hers pulled away. The bartender ducked underneath the bar and went over when she had picked a table where I could see her fine.

The male lead in the drama of life in the blackmail jungle arrived before the bartender got back to her with her drink. I saw him as soon as he came in. He was small and quick and he wasn't a stooge picked off Madison Street for an afternoon of the errand boy bit. He was clean and shaved and his suit was pressed. To somebody else he might have been in insurance or used cars but to me he had grifter written all over him and he probably had a damn good notion of what he was mixing in. I took a good look and was on my way out before he got to her table.

The heat hit me like a cotton candy bludgeon. On the other side of the street I spotted a '58 Lincoln convertible with the top down and a spot of color on the windshield that was a suburban vehicle tax sticker. That would be Naomi Cain's car. About 10 feet from me on my side was a Yellow cab at the curb. The motor was running. I walked over.

I leaned through the window. "Want a fare?" I asked.

"Got one," he said and went back to his paper.

I went down and hopped in the Chevy. I pulled out, made a U-turn and headed down the street away from the direction the cab was pointed. At the corner I turned and drove around the block until I was just around the corner from where the cab was parked. Unless he made a U-turn himself he had to pass me at the intersection and I was betting he was headed for the Loop.

I would have won. The Yellow Cab came through the intersection headed east on 63rd. I gave him a block and pulled out after him. Coming into the Loop I was only three cars behind. I could see the back of the little grifter's head. He was leaning back, relaxed.

He got out of the cab at a Walgreen's drugstore on the Near North Side across the street from the Corinth Arms, a small medium-priced hotel. I curbed the Chevy and got out, and went into the Corinth lobby.

He took a quick peek at his watch and came across the street. He came right through the front door of the Cornith, zooped across the lobby not 20 feet from me, picked up a key at the desk and was over at the elevator, punching the button with quick little jabs.

I was at the desk before the elevator got to the second floor. The cold, fastidious type fish behind it gave me the arched eyebrows and rising inflection "Yes?" gambit.

"That little guy who just picked up his key," I said. "I'd like his name and room number."

He started an officious "I'm sorry sir, but," routine before he noticed I was snapping a five-dollar bill between my thumb and forefinger.

"Rasmussen," he said. "He's in 507."

Room 507 was at the end of the corridor. I couldn't hear a thing inside. If there was anybody in there with him they were a couple of lip readers. I walked down the corridor to another intersecting one where I could duck out of sight if I had to and waited. I was sure he was meeting somebody. He'd been watching the time like a referre.

The fifth floor of the Cornith Arms might have been infested with bubonic plague for



"DON'T LOOK," she said, not realizing I could see everything in the mirror

all the traffic there was. I was on my second cigarette. The elevator had been going up and down the shaft every few minutes. Then I heard it coming and the clunk as it stopped at the fifth floor. I ducked back. I heard the doors slide open, then close again and the elevator going down. I held my breath. It was very still. Then I could hear faintly the whispered tread of footsteps on the rubbertile floors of the corridor. Walking away from where I stood. Walking toward Room 507

I risked a quick look.

I got a back view of an expensive, smokyblue, cord suit admirably draped on a tall thin frame with good shoulders. He had a Panama straw on his head with a wide colorful blue-and-white band and he was opening the door of a room up the hall from Rasmussen's.

I was looking at Mr. 505.

I threw my cigarette on the floor and ground it out with disgust. When there was another crushed out right alongside it I got fed up with waiting. In the corridor anyway

I went down and knocked on the door of 507

There was about a ten-second silence behind the door. Then he said, "Who's there?" "Room service," I said. I could hear him coming.

HE door started to open and he was saying, "I didn't order any-" but I finished opening the door for him. Fast and hard. I knocked him back across the room and he was staggering, trying to stay on his feet. His eyes were popped wide open, staring, and his face was as pale as a mermaid's brow. He went down on the small of his back and I was well into the room and almost on him when two things registered. A Panama hat with a colorful blue-and-white band on the bed and behind me the half-open door of the bathroom. But by then it was too late to do much about it. I got halfway around, twisting, and caught just a glimpse of an expensive smoky-blue, cord sleeve and a white shirt cuff before the side of my head exploded. . . .

An intense hot light was hitting me in the face. It hurt my eyes. I closed them and everything was red, a world of blood. Somewhere a faucet was dripping.

I got to my hands and knees. When I moved my head and opened my eyes a big ball of hot lead rolled sickeningly inside my skull and I could feel the pain clear down to my heels. I was staring down at a pillow on the floor. It had been tucked under my head.

Down in the lobby behind the desk was a short butterball. Bald and red-eyed behind thick-lensed glasses.

I asked him if Rasmussen in 507 had checked out. He hadn't. I asked about 505. He swiveled his red eyes around and said, "Mr. Weaver?"

"I guess so," I said. "If he was in 505." I flipped my wallet open at him and he looked impressed so I said, "Mind letting me see those registration cards?"

He pulled them and handed them over. "Mr. Weaver hasn't checked out," he offered.

The registration was pretty much what I thought it would be. One day, no luggage, payment in advance. Leon Rasmussen, New York City, N. C. Weaver, New York City. I gave the two cards back to Butterball.

Then I handed him a ten spot and my card and told him to call me if he saw Weaver or Rasmussen again.

By the time I got to my apartment I was ready to be counted out. My head was throbbing like the skins on a bongo drum doing Afro-Cuban. I stacked some piano on the phonograph and turned it down low and went out in the kitchen and built a tall tinkly architecture of Haig & Haig Five Star and ice in a glass. I carried it into the bedroom and shed my clothes like a snake in April coming out of his old skin. By the time I was down to my shorts, big beautiful beads of condensation were trickling down the side of the glass. I sat on the edge of the bed and held the coldness of it against my face for a long minute and then took a deep pull. I could feel it fan out through the corpus, feathery tendrils creeping along the jangled circuits and soothing my bewildered ganglion clusters.

I sipped my drink, thinking, then I called Naomi Cain.

A man answered. There was a butlerish flavor to his voice. I asked for Mrs. Cain.

"Who is calling, please."
"Tell her Mr. Raven."

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Raven, but Mrs. Cain is not here. She was expecting your call, however, and left a message."

He gave me a Winnetka number to call. I dialed it and it rang for a long time without much in the way of any positive action. I let it. Finally a woman answered. I could hear people talking and laughing in the background. Sounded like a party. I asked for Mrs. Cain.

"Oh, Naomi?" she said. "Hold on. I'll get her for you."

I waited some more. Somebody got a big laugh in the background. The rich at play. I took a vicious slug of my scotch.

Then she was on the other end. Her voice was like cooled honey.

"Max Raven, Mrs. Cain," I said. "I'm afraid I have bad news."

"Oh?"

"Can you talk?"

"No, not now. Can you come out to the house later?"

"I've got a couple of leads yet to work on.

I couldn't get there much before eleven."

"That's all right. I'll expect you. Can you find it?"

"Give me a rough sketch."

"Just follow Sheridan Road. You can't miss it after you get to Kenilworth. You'll come to a quite long wall. There's a huge iron gate. The name is over the archway."

"I'll find it."

She had sounded fine. Not a tremor of disappointment. Just that calm collected voice like flawless drawn silk and a composed serenity, completely unperturbed.

The butler told me she was at the beach house and I walked across the garden to the small building he had pointed out.

I knocked on the door but there didn't seem to be anyone around. I stepped inside. "Mrs. Cain?" I said.

The light was from a lamp with an orange shade on a rustic-looking table at one end of a long low couch against one wall. The knotty pine paneling and the low light gave the room a snug look with deep shadows in the corners where the light did not reach.

On the couch in the full light of the lamp was a fluffy terrycloth robe, a towel, and

on the rug below a pair of clog sandals, a bra and a pair of panties.

She was swimming, the butler had said. I hoped like hell she was.

I got out to the beach again fast. There was just the merest whisper of a breeze and the water was almost flat calm. Naomi Cain was nowhere in sight.

Then I saw a flat dark squarish shape floating way out. A raft. It was hard to see with the reflection on the water but I thought I could make out someone lying on it. I called her name and the figure moved, stood up and then waved.

She swam in to the shallow water and rose to her feet effortlessly and came walking toward me. The noonlight limned her in silver caught in the 'roplets of water on her skin. Her face walking in shadow so I couldn't read the expression but her teeth flashed white in a smile as she approached and held out her hand. I took it. It was warm and wet.

"I see you found your way all right,"

We reached the door and I stood back to let her enter. She moved ahead of me with the lithe, easy swing of the feline and I let my eyes rove. I couldn't have stopped them if I'd wanted. The bare, smooth back, the small waist and the sweetly rounded curve of her hips flexing as the long, shapely thighs and legs moved, made you sweat a little just to watch. It was there, but it was so good it was hard to believe.

She walked over to the couch and picked up the towel, then reached up and plucked off the rubber bathing cap. She shook her head and the thick dark hair fell to her shoulders and down her back. The white flawlessness of her skin was a pale gold in the light from the lamp and the black, one-piece bathing suit clung to the concavities and convexities of her figure like a coating of oil. Her breasts were small but high and round. I tried not to stare but it was an effort.

HE WOULDN'T TALK, until I did the same things to him that he'd done to me. . . .



She looked over at me and for a moment there was something as tangible as ozone in the air. Then she said, "Now if you'll fix us a drink and keep your back turned I'll get out of this wet suit. The liquor and glasses are in the cabinet and there's ice in the thermos on the table. I'd like a scotch and soda in a tall glass with lots of ice, please."

I turned my back and went over to the cabinet and opened it. I spotted immediately the pinched profile of the brothers Haig and the classic simplicity of a Johnnie Walker bottle. I took the pinch and selected two tall glasses and a bottle of soda and turned to elbow the door shut and almost dropped my armful.

On the inside of the cabinet door was a mirror.

CLEARLY visible in the glass, Naomi Cain, naked and beautiful, was bending forward patting her out-stretched leg with the towel, her breasts shaking softly like pendant fruit.

I stood watching, unable to tear my eyes away. She finished the one leg and started on the other one and I stood there enthralled like a prurient kid at a knothole in the bathhouse wall.

After a long long minute I closed the cabinet door and carried my armful of glass over to the table. Behind me I thought I could hear the rustle of clothing. I fixed the drinks like a blind man, not seeing what I was doing. The image of her in the mirror was burnt on the back of my mind.

"Okay?" I said.

"All right."

I turned around. She was knotting the belt of the terrycloth robe around her waist. I carried the drinks over and handed her one. She took it with a grateful sigh and sank down on the couch.

"I think I'm prepared now," she said. "Tell me."

I moved to my chair, sat down, took a long slug of the scotch and told her. She listened without a flicker of emotion. Just those cool dark eyes on my face,

"Was there anyone who knew about the pictures besides Parminter and yourself? Did you tell anyone?"

"I was living at the time with a girl named Paula Norman," she said. "She was a close friend and I told her. Later I was dating a musician. His name is Ferarri. Dino Ferarri. It got serious before I knew it wasn't going anywhere. You know how those things are. You think this is it and you tell things to each other. He wanted to kill Parminter when I told him." She smiled, the edges of her mouth scornful. "I restrained him."

"It just doesn't have the planned touch of the pro," I said. "This dangling the pictures in front of you is the oddball thing. A pro wouldn't. Too many chances."

"Then that leaves someone who knew me."

"Using Rasmussen would indicate that he doesn't want to be recognized but Rasmussen is a pro. A small-timer but a pro. So if the character we want is using him, there's a connection with the underworld. This throws it the other way again. I think I'll find a lot of answers in New York. I can check on him and find out about the job at Parminter's."

"When will you go?"

"Tomorrow night, I think, or Sunday. Something might break on the leads I have." She held out her glass. "Could I have another one of these, please?"

I got up and fixed it for her.

Then I went over and sat down. The discarded swim suit was on the floor in a heap with the towel and the bra and panties. I took a slug of my drink and let my eyes brush across them slowly. Then we both knew what I was talking about and that I wanted her and that I was damn well aware she was naked underneath that robe.

"Perhaps we'd better go up to the house," she said. "I can give you the old addresses I have on Paula and Dino." She stood up and turned off the lamp.

She was moving toward the door.

I was right behind her.

I reached out and touched the back of her shoulder.

She spun around. Her hands were up and her eyes were wide and her beautiful mouth half open. It was an unmasked face and there was fear there and pleading but something else too. My hand was on her shoulder and I let it slide down, grasping her arm. She could have pulled away but she didn't. She made a barely audible protest and even as I pulled her into my arms and brought my mouth down on hers, she was mouthing words that might have been "don't," but the open lips moving on mine and the trembling of her and the arms tightening around my neck made it just words.

I picked her up in my arms and carried her over to the couch. Her head nestled against my throat. "Hurry," she whispered, "hurry." I eased her down on her back and she took her arms around my neck so I could peel off the robe, arching her back so I could slip it out from under her. The moonlight poured through the open door. Her eyes were tightly closed and her face tilted back, her throat a long lovely line and her mouth forming words that weren't for anybody or anything but just that consuming need that I'd touched off like a match to a fast burning fuse.

I found two cigarettes for us, lit them and handed one to her. I sat on the edge of the couch. She made no move to retrieve her robe on the floor. Her body was a long, white, beautiful shape in the moonlit room. I could feel the pressure of her thighs curled against my back. She lay looking up at me and smoking.

"Would you believe me if I told you I didn't want this to happen?" she said.

"Yes," I said.

She took a deep drag on her cigarette and the fiery glow illuminated her face. A beautiful face, not cool now but warm and intimate and relaxed. Her eyes were soft shadows.

I leaned over and kissed her throat. Her fingers caressed the back of my neck.

She handed me her cigarette and I stubbed it out in the ash tray along with mine and started to get up.

"Max," she whispered.

I turned back and her arms came up around me, pulling me down.

Jedediah Cain must have been even older than I thought. . . .

In the morning, I called the airlines office and made a reservation for a New York flight. By then it was ten o'clock, 11 in New York, so I dialed long distance and made my other call. It took about 15 minutes.

It was a little after 6:00 when I got back to the apartment and put the Chevy in the parking lot. I walked over to the rear entrance and there was a guy standing to one side of the small entrance light. A big guy, just leaning against the building as if he was waiting for someone. I had my hand on the door knob when he spoke to me. He asked if I had a light in a voice that came rumbling up from the bottom of a well.

Without thinking I reached for my matches. He had the unlit cigarette in his mouth and moved over toward me. I struck the match and held it up, cupping it in my hands. He leaned toward it and I got a good look at him. He was as big as a house, a Negro in a sharp, chocolate-brown suit with a narrow pin stripe and wide lapels ten years behind the times. He wore a tan-andwhite-checked vest, a white on white shirt with a long-pointed collar and a yellow silk tie impaled by a gleaming pearl stickpin. His hat was cream-colored with a wide brinm that shadowed his face but the match flame wavered across the scar tissue, the black beaten brows and the flattened nose. Something in the eyes warned me.

His fist couldn't have traveled more than a foot but it tore into me like 50 pounds of lead. It caught me just above the heart and my arms went down and out at the impact and the gut-sucking, breathtaking pain of it. I tried to catch my breath but my throat only tightened, closing off my air, and I fell backward, the night glazing my eyes. I felt someone catch me and I was half-carried, half-pushed out of the pool of light by the door.

I was being held up. In front of me the bulk of him towered, a deeper blackness against the night, and he was laughing deep in his throat at the sounds of me trying to breathe.

"You wheezin' a little, man," he said. "What's de matter? You cain' get you wind?"

I felt the someone holding me up laughing silently.

"C'mon," the big one said. "Up on you feet. We just gettin' stahted." Then he kicked me, the hard toes of his shoes driving into my shins like a dull ax and I felt the tears start from my eyes.

"Lif'm up," he said and the other one lifted me so that my arms were up and my sides open. I felt my shirt come out of my belt and the cool night on my bare skin.

The big shadow came in close.

"Heah's a few you feel tomorrow," he said, and the huge fist crashed into my side. Then the real going over began, the left then the right, the left, the right. The pain was so intense I screamed and it came out a strangled grunting noise against a harsh sleeve, but I didn't go out. I slumped in the arms that held me and, cupped in the crushing agony of the pain, a small part of me stayed conscious while the rest of me tried to die. It concentrated on what he had looked like. It remembered that scarred face

And then it was over.

"Leave him go," he said. I felt his big hand close around my shirt front. I sagged and he pulled me up to him. His breath was in my face. Sweet breath. Sen-Sen overlaid on alcohol. He whispered at me, "You not out, is you? C'mon." He grabbed my nose and twisted. I made noises. "Lissen now," he said. "I got a message fo' you. Jus' like Western Union. Don' fool aroun' wit dis Cain thing no more. Unnastan? You do an nex' time we gonna complete de job." Then he brought his knee up hard in the pit of my stomach and his flat hand whipped back and forth across my face and he let me collapse.

"You notice I dint scah you face or crotch-kick you none, huh," he said, and then I heard the sound of their heels going off and in a little the sound of a car pulling away.

The doc said a few days in bed and I might be able to get down some bread and milk and keep it down. I got some pills for the pain from him and got him the hell out of there. I took the pills and managed to straighten up. Then I started walking, Back and forth across the living room, the radio playing classic stuff and some guy with a vastly comforting voice selling American Airlines, walking it out. After a couple of · million foggy miles of it the wound-up rubber band in my stomach began to unwind. I got some water down and it stayed down. Even with the pills I hurt like hell in a displaced way but the tightness that could cripple me was disappearing. When I switched out the light and finally crawled into bed it was gray outside.

BANNERMAN was in his office sucking on his teeth when I got there. He was a tough cop and a good one and he'd been on the slate-for-captain list so long it had gone from funny to tragic to one of those things you don't mention. There wasn't any love lost between us but he was good for it when he owed you a favor and he owed me a couple. What I wanted was simple. He picked up the phone and told them at the other end I was coming down.

The old sergeant downstairs puffed on a dying pipe and said, "Big colored strongarm guy, huh? I got lots of them." We went in and I sat down before the long file of cards. He said, "Lemme know when you're through," and went out trailing the thin smoke of his stale pipe behind him.

It didn't take long. He wasn't wearing a sharp pin stripe and the number around his neck would never be a substitute for the pear stickpin and the yellow silk tie but there he was. There wasn't any mistake. His name was Oliver Washington Davis. He had a nice long string of pickups and had played command performances down at Joliet.

He gave me his last address, a place called the New Century Hotel, on 65th.

It was an old tired building in an old tired block. Its face had fallen like an aging whore's

I checked the .38 and got the black leather sap out of the glove compartment. My stomach was tight and I waited a little until it unkinked itself. Then I slipped the sap into my back pocket, got out of the car and walked across the street.

The lobby was pocket sized with thirsty potted palms and melting mohair.

The desk clerk told me Room 304. The hallway smelled of musty carpeting and a torn, forlorn shade flapped softly in the window where the carpet came to an end.

I gave the door a gentle shove and stepped back. It swung open all the way. Through it I could see the bed. Big Ollie Davis was home. He had some interesting company.

I stepped inside and closed the door quietly behind me, the .38 in my hand. They were both dead to the world. He was sprawled out face downward, his lips making fluttering noises into the pillow. The whale hump of his back rose and fell like the ponderous sighing of a huge bellows. One arm was thrown out across the girl. She was on her back, her breasts nakedly upthrust like two scoops of chocolate ice cream. She couldn't have been more than 19, sleek, with delicate proud nostrils and good hair.

His sharp, pin-stripe suit, shirt, vest and yellow silk tie were draped over one chair. On the other and on the floor beside it were her dress, shoes, slip, garter belt,



"YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE," Parminter kept saying, till I showed him he was wrong

panties and bra. Her nylons had been carefully hung over the back.

I didn't see any sign of a shoulder harness.

I took the chance that Ollie hadn't gone to bed with a gun.

I walked to the foot of the bed. He was close to the edge, the mattress sagging under his weight. Switching the .38 to my left hand I reached over with my right, took hold of the sheet and jerked it off. I grabbed his ankle, pulling hard over to the left, flipping him out onto the floor, aware at the same time of the naked girl, a flashing of brown legs.

He hit hard, flat on his back, and I switched the .38 back into my right hand and moved well away from the bed.

"Don't try anything, Ollie," I warned, and to the girl, "Don't scream."

"Over in the corner," I said. "Back to me, hands up flat on the wall. Move."

"Yassuh, cap'n," and he moved. "Old Ollie in de neutral cohnah wit his hands flat up on de wall." He thought it was funny. I turned to the girl. She had given up trying to hide herself and was kneeling on the bed watching me with wide eyes.

I slipped the sap out of my back pocket and went over to him.

"Well, here we are," I said.

"Yassuh."

"Didn't expect to see me again so soon, huh?"

"Dat's de truth."

"Who hired you to work me over, Ollie?" I said softly.

"I don' know, cap'n."

I swung the sap hard and hit him just above the left kidney. He grunted and his head hung but he didn't move his hands off the wall.

"Who paid you, Ollie?"

"Cap'n, I don' know."

I swung the sap again down hard on the right kidney and he sucked in his breath and I got him again in the left on the backswing. That got a mean out of him.

"Who, Ollie?"

"Cap'n, you can beat up on me all day long and I can't tell you what you wanna know cause I jus' don' know. You think I gonna take a beatin' to boot for a couple hunnud dollahs? No, suh, I ain't."

I swung the sap and he crumpled to his knees.

I waited till he got up.

Then we repeated the sequence.

He couldn't get up then. He got into a sitting position in the corner with his head hanging down on his chest and started talking. He was sopping wet with sweat and a thin stream of blood trickled down the side of his head where I'd hit him. "Like I tol' you he jus' call on de phone, say he want a fellah beat up. He willing to pay us a couple hunnud dollahs apiece. Don' never say who he was and we don' ask. Picked us up in de cah and take us up deah to you place and we wait. He was right deah. Watched all de time. Aftuhwuds he pay us and das de end. Honest to gawd, das all I know and don' nobody else know no diffrunt."

There was a glass on the floor by the bed. I picked it up and wiped it with the sheet. The whiskey was some offbeat blended stuff but I poured myself a small jolt and downed it. Ollie wasn't moving and the girl over on the bed was making mewling sounds. The beating had excited her. I looked over and she was breathing hard, her breasts like hard dark plums. She caught my eyes and moved unmistakably. I turned away.

"I hope you noticed," I said to Ollie, "I didn't crotch-kick you or scar your face."

"Yassuh, you was real polite. I guess we even all right."

"Sure." I said.

Then I turned around and walked out of there and down the shabby stairs, feeling like I needed a bath. . . .

My flight to New York got me in Monday afternoon.

· I checked into the Lancaster Hotel on Lexington Avenue, got the phone and made my call.

By the time I'd showered and shaved he was here. I came out of the bathroom and there was a knock on the door. I opened it and he waddled in without a word and sat down.

Father Bass must have weighed 300 pounds.

I'd heard somewhere once that his given

name was Sidney but no one I knew had ever known him as anything but Father. Like you call a redhead "Red," Sidney Bass was called Father. It fit. In his wrinkled black suit, green with age, he looked like nothing so much as an unfrocked priest. He had the face of a basset bound, the tragic eyes large and liquid behind the drooping, pink-cheeked mask with its pious mouth and sagging chins. He was a fence, a merchandiser of stolen goods with a taste for rare wines and teen-aged girls. He financed criminal endeavor of all kinds if it promised a profit, disposing of diamonds or denim with the same sure hand that directed transactions in bogus bills and art treasures. His contacts were legion.

If anyone I could contact knew anything about the looting of Parminter's apartment Father Bass would be the one.

His moist eyes inspected me slowly and

deliberately. "You look good," he said. "Chicago must agree with you."

"I like it."

"I never have. Hideous city. I never go there any more."

Eventually we would get to the subject

"I believe we agreed on 200 dollars, didn't we?" he said.

I got my wallet out of my coat and gave him the money.

"I regret to say, Mr. Raven, that I have very little for you," he said as he pocketed

His lower lip protruded like a thick rose petal bright with spittle.

"I know of this Parminter fellow," he said. "His father left him a textile fortune which he is striving to dissipate in as rapid and wanton a manner as possible. A wolf in every sense of the term, a lover of 200dollar call-girl flesh with exotic urges toward experimentation, I am told."

"So I've heard."

"My point is this, Mr. Raven. I know this building in which he lives. The kind of job you suggest would be extremely difficult and by no means worth the risk involved. The building is well protected, the chances of apprehension high."

"It would have to be an inside job."

"Yes, of course, and one more possibility." I must have looked blank. He almost smiled.

"Yes," he said, sniffing. "One more which is easily overlooked. Could you have been misinformed? Perhaps there was no theft at all. Would there be, in that in which you have an interest, any reason for such subterfuge?"

He had given it to me and the whole picture did a flip flop in my mind. A lot of things began to fit.

He stayed a while longer, trying to learn what I was working on. I was vague. Finally he heaved himself up out of the chair, waddled to the door and left.

Suppose, as he'd said, the Parminter apartment hadn't been looted at all? But why would Parminter have said it was if it wasn't true, and if it wasn't true how did whoever had the pictures get them? A friend? A servant of his? Someone who had known her and known about the pictures too? He wouldn't be likely to leave them lying around for a servant's eyes. That left someone he'd shown them to or Paula Norman or Dino Ferarri.

I picked up the Manhattan directory and

checked the P's. The address listed for him was in the sixties on upper Fifth.

When I called Parminter, his voice was icy to the point of complete boredom.

"Yes," he said, "of course I'd like to see a friend of Naomi's, but I'm going to be tied up tonight. Some other time. Later this week, perhaps, old man."

"It's about the pictures of her, Parminter," I said casually.

I heard him suck in his breath. "Oh," he whispered. "Come about 8, then, will you, and we'll talk about it." His voice became firm again as he regained control.

At 8 sharp, the doorman let me in, and I rode up to the penthouse floor in a gleaming mahogany-paneled elevator.

After the elevator came a small foyer. Prints of polo action on the walls, blue skies and green grass, brown arms and lean faces with flashing white teeth, stiff-legged horses. There was a door with a diminutive wrought-iron knocker which made as diminutive a knock as I'd heard in a long time. The door opened and Parminter's man was there, all thin-lipped smiles and obsequiousness.

"Come in, sir. Mr Parminter is expecting you. Won't you follow me, please?"

WAS led down a short hallway to a sunken living room which any male would have given his eyeteeth for and in which probably any number of females had already given theirs or the equivalent thereof. The carpeting was the swollen blue-black of cumulo-nimbus clouds and the ceiling slanted up to a vast skylight which offered the night and the stars. The room was softly lit by two lamps on low tables near two sofas that sat facing each other across ten feet of white, fluffy throw rug. The furniture was fat, mellow stuff in salt-and-pepper fabrics and creamy leather. The son of a bitch actually had a bearskin rug. A Kodiak that must have stood 15 feet tall. The most lecherous look I've ever seen on any bear's face, but then I guess this one had been there and back.

"This way, sir," the butler said, and led me down a carpeted hall to a closed door.

I heard gigglings and sounds of splashing from behind the door. The butler knocked loudly and said: "Mr. Raven is here, sir."

More giggling, a canary-like twitter, then a beery, loose-mouthed voice said: "Tell him to go away, request the honor of his presence next week. I'm in conference."

"But, Mr. Parminter, he's here now."

"Well, make him disappear, you do it with my whisky, do it with him."

I'd had about enough of that foolishness. Shouldering the butler aside, I kicked the door open and walked in.

The sight that greeted me did not astound me, but then I've never lived a sheltered life.

In a bathroom the size of a baseball park, decorated with enough gold, marble and mirrors to put the Palace of Versailles to shame, were Leslie Parminter, tanned, hawknosed, dressed in evening clothes, and his "confrere." I could suddenly understand why he was so interested in "business." She was a breathtakingly tall, Empire State building of a blonde, and lost in my weakkneed, rubber-spined admiration for her, I thought for a moment that she was completely unclothed.

She wasn't, but it was a cloth thing. She was wearing sheer, flesh-colored underwear, that, since it was wet, clung to her with all the loving attention to detail a man could ever dream of.

In one finely-chiseled hand, she held a champagne glass, from which she was about to sip. She was standing up to her knees in a bathtub roughly as big as a swimming pool, which was filled nearly to the brim, and splashing her legs about happily.



"NEED SOCKS?" I said, catching her in my valise. "Sorry you're not my size"

She smiled coyly at me, no doubt having seen the particular look in my eyes a few thousand times in her life and squealed; "Oh, do come in, it's so squiggly and . . . gunchy." She took a mouthful of champagne and rolled her laughing eyes at me and for a moment I wouldn't have been astounded to find myself climbing in,

"Can it, Monica," Parminter said, frowning. Then to me: "Do you always go busting into people's bathrooms, Mr. Raven?"

"Listen, Parminter, you know why-" I started to say, but stopped as he pulled a Samurai sword off the wall (Lord knows what it was supposed to add to the decor of the bathroom) and came toward me.

"I'll have to ask you to leave, wise guy," Parminter snarled. He was, I could see, well

spiked on the champagne.

There was nothing for me to do but unload one on him. He landed on his back in the tub with a geysering splash, and I said: "Tell Monica to pull herself together and take a walk around the park. You and I have things to talk about. I'll be waiting for you out there," I ended, motioning over my shoulder toward the living room.

I turned around and stalked out down the hall to the living room. The fixings were behind the bar and I poured myself a brisk one with a slug of soda. It was good Scotch and by the time he came in I was on my second one.

"Good Scotch," I said.

"Make yourself right at home, don't you?"

I took another slug and smiled.

He came over and leaned on the bar. Now he was wearing a dressing gown of navy blue with tiny white dots, over white pajamas. The point of his jaw was red where I'd hit him. He was a lot of man at first look. Much wind and sun had tanned his skin to a ruddy glow and shot a light streak through his dark bair.

"How much do you want for them," he said slowly, "and how do I know this will be the last time I'll ever see you?"

I watched his face and those blue eyes. "You've got me wrong, Parminter," I said. "I didn't come up here to sell anything. My name is Raven. I'm a private investigator. Mrs. Cain has retained me to recover the pictures."

"God help her," he said.

"I was hoping you might be counted on for a little of that," I said.

"Whatever made you think so?"

"Let's say I think you owe it to her," I said. "You took the pictures without her knowledge, said you destroyed them when you hadn't. What it boils down to is you started the whole thing. I should think you'd be glad to help end it."

"You insolent son of a bitch," he said. "Who the hell are you to come up here



"YOU'RE EASY PICKINGS," I said, just as his boy introduced a gun to my head. .

and tell me what I ought and ought not to do?"

"Okay," I said. "Feeling as you do, there's no point in my staying. You've called me a few names and I've drunk your scotch. I came up here with the right attitude. You don't think so. You're my host. I'll leave. If you should have a change of heart I'm staying at the Lancaster on

"I can get the details on the robbery from the cops," I said, throwing it away lightly but not too light. Then I turned and started out.

He called me back before I'd taken ten

"Come back and sit down," he said. I turned and looked at him.

"I'll help you," he said. "But there are some things I intend you to hear first.

You've got some wrong ideas you'll need setting straight on."

I went back and sat down on one of the stools at the bar.

He kept a nice tight grip on his control. "Now that's one of the things that needs retelling. In addition to her other more mouth-watering attributes, Naomi is one of the world's most facile and charming little liars. I luckily found this out before she waltzed me up the aisle. I'll tell you why the engagement was broken off. It was because I called it quits. Not her. And this was considerably after the pictures in question were taken." He took a nip from his glass. "I called it off because I found out she'd been cheating on me. Does things to your ego, you know. You don't feel quite the same. Ever been cheated on, Raven?"

"Doesn't matter," he added thickly. "Caught her here with her pants down. Right here. Musician. Piano player. Damned good one

"Who was the guy?" I asked.

"The piano player?"

"Yes."

"Is that important?"

"Maybe," I said softly. "Was his name Ferrari?"

He showed the proper surprise.

"That's right," he said. "Dino Ferrari." "You sound as if you know him pretty

"That's very perceptive of you," he said easily, "Yes, I did get to know Dino. He got the same treatment from her after a bit. Showed up here one night with some friends of mine to a party I was giving. This was some time later, of course. Wounds had healed and all that, you know. What the hell, by then I knew I was well rid of her. No point in taking it out on him. I'd have done the same thing in his shoes. We tied a little one on together and talked the whole thing over. We hit it off well. You can see how there was this thing between us."

"Sort of like fraternity brothers," I of-

"You were going to tell me about the pictures."

"I was, wasn't I?" He sloshed some more of the bourbon into his glass. When it had risen to the proper level and he had decided how I was to hear it, he asked, "What did she tell you?"

I told him.

"That's typical," he said. "Oh, I took the pictures all right and it's true she didn't know they were being taken, but don't kid yourself by believing she was so horrified she couldn't stand the sight of me. Do I look stupid?"

I wondered if he expected an answer. "I'm not," he said. "Don't kid yourself on that either. If I hadn't thought she was going to get a bang out of them do you think I'd have shown them to her? Think about it."

"Then she never asked to have the pictures destroyed?"

"That's something else. About six months after I broke off with her she came up here one night. She really looked like hell, like she'd been sick. Called first and said she wanted to talk to me. I told her to come ahead. When I saw her I thought at first she was going to hit me for a loan. Turned out she wanted the pictures. Said she wanted to see that they were destroyed. I

told her she needn't have troubled herself. I had already gotten rid of them."

"And she believed you."

"Yes, she did."

"But as a matter of fact the pictures had not been destroyed at all?"

"That, lamentably enough, is the truth." "Why'd you fix it so you couldn't be recognized in the pictures?" I said.

"It was not my face I was interested in, Raven."

He was cool. Real cool.

"When was your place robbed?"

"Last winter. I was in Florida at the

"What did they take besides the pictures? Or was it only the pictures?"

"Why, no."

"What else?"

"Why, whatever was out. Some of my jewelry. A lot of photographic equipment. Whatever was valuable."

"Insured?"

He thought quickly but I was watching for it. "No," he said. "As a matter of fact I wasn't."

"That's odd," I said. "Most of the wealthy men I've ever known are insured up to their eyeteeth. If nothing else they usually have some kind of a flexible policy. Covers all kinds of losses."

"Was it reported to the police?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I hardly saw any point."

For a minute I let him think he was putting it over. Then I nailed him, "You're a lying son of a bitch, Parminter," I said. "This place was never knocked off at all."

"You took your face out because you gave a set to Dino Ferarri," I said. "You two got friendly after she'd dropped both of you and you thought it would be nice if good old Dino had a set of the pictures too. She gave you the air and you didn't like that, so you figured this might be a nice way to get back at her. It wouldn't do if your face showed, but you fixed that by taking it out. Right, Parminter?"

I had to give him credit for trying. I'd shaken him but he tried to laugh it off. "That's absurd," he said. The classic rejoinder of the affluent accused.

"Yeah," I said, "I'll show you how goddamned absurd it is." I walked over to the phone. I patted my inside coat pocket. "I have an affidavit here from Mrs. Jedediah Cain," I said. "It's a simple statement of fact about extortion threats she's received. It states in full your involvement. All I have to do is pick up this phone and call the police. I'll ask that they bring a search warrant with them. They don't like private investigators but the affidavit will be enough to convince them. They'll search, Parminter. With a good lawyer you might be able to convince them you're no blackmailer but they'd slap a possession of pornography charge on you, and then there'd be all the publicity too. That's the roughest part, the publicity."

He didn't say a word.

PICKED up the phone slowly and started to dial.

He let me go four out of the seven digits. "Goddamn you," he said.

"Where are they?"

"I'll get them," he said dully. It was as she had told me. He was a

connoisseur of filth. Very elegant filth, imaginatively depicted filth, but filth nonetheless. If I knew anything about the going prices for the kind of stuff I was leafing through, there must have been a tidy little fortune in the box. She had said it had excited her. I felt it too. It stirred things in me and sickened me at the same time.

I looked at the prints one by one. Seven of her with Parminter as she had said. They were not what Jedediah Cain could have stood much of, but then I was not married to her. Even in the vacuous concentration of pure animal lust, the face was beautiful, pale in the darkened room, far off in some place of its own, away from the man with her. I looked and felt a sickness and a sadness and a shame that another human being should be gazed upon like this, that such nakedness should ever be recorded in such graphic permanence.

The eighth and ninth pictures were of Naomi Cain alone, evidently taken at the same time. Nudes. In one she sat on the edge of the bed, leaning forward to peel off a stocking. In the other she was standing as if she had just risen to her feet and shaken her unpinned hair down over her shoulders. The two were totally unrelated to the others. They might have hung in a gallery, studies of a beautiful woman unaware of the camera.

There were nine negatives on the two strips of film.

I took out matches and lit the first print and laid it on the blackened grate of the fireplace. The other six I fed into its flames and then the negatives. The two nudes of her alone I could not burn. When there was only a charred and blackened mass on the grate I turned to Parminter.

He made a point of staring at the two prints in my hand.

"I'll keep these two," I said.

"For your private collection," he sneered. I retied the string on the envelope. I made a slow business of it. When it was fastened I gave him my attention.

"Don't push too hard, Tiger," I said. "You've got what you want. Why don't you leave?"

"Just one more thing," I said. "Where's Ferarri?"

"I wouldn't know. I haven't seen him in ages."

I didn't move to leave.

"Do you think I give a damn about Ferarri? If I knew where he was I'd tell you. Perhaps it would induce you to leave."

There wasn't any point in his lying. Minus the pictures he was out of it now. "It's been a pleasure, Mr. Parminter," I said. "Don't bother seeing me to the

door."

"That," he said icily, "never entered my mind."

I let him have the last word. What the hell. I got everything else. . . .

I looked at my watch and it was almost ten o'clock. I hadn't eaten since lunch and Parminter's fine scotch had honed away at the edge of my appetite. I hailed a cab and gave the driver the name of a chop house on West 50th. Then as we headed down Fifth, I thought of the two pictures of Naomi Cain in the envelope on the seat beside me and I told him instead, thinking I'd drop the pictures off and then find some place to eat on Lexington. At the hotel I went up to the room and had just

found the light switch in the dark when someone said, "Max?"

It was the last voice in the world I expected to hear.

I flipped on the light and turned around. Sitting on the edge of the bed with her beautiful legs crossed was Naomi Cain. She leaned forward expectantly.

I didn't know what to say. I couldn't have been more conscious of the envelope in my hand if little red lights had started blinking all over it. I made some inane comment about what a surprise and what was she doing here and walked over to the desk, opened the drawer and dropped it inside as casually as I could imagine. After it was in there I decided it was probably the worst thing I could have done. I should have dropped it negligently on top. Then to compound the idiocy of it all I said, "I paid a visit to Leslie Parminter. I found out who's blackmailing you."

Her eyes made a frightened little jump at the desk. What else could she think? She'd seen it. "The pictures?" she said. "Parminter?"

"Oh," I said, "the envelope. No that's just some personal junk."

For just a moment there was a question in her eyes. Then she gave me an almost embarrassed smile and said, "I thought

when you said . . ."

I clapped my palm to my forehead. "That was stupid of me," I said. "What else could you think? Here . . ." I opened the drawer and took the envelope out. "You'll feel better if you look. It's just some stuff of mine." I held it out.

She looked at it and then at me.

"Go ahead," I said. "I understand."
"That isn't necessary, Max," she said softly. "I trust you."

I felt like 57 varieties of heel.

I put the envelope back in the drawer and told her about what had happened. I stressed the part about burning Parminter's prints and negatives.

"Dino Ferarri," she said when I had finished. "Dino all along."

"Uh huh," I said. "He's a cute one too." I told her about Ollie Davis and the beating, the warning to lay off.

"I hate it that you should have seen the pictures," she said. "I wish that . . ." The cool dark eyes were stricken.

"Forget them," I said. "They're ashes now. We'll get Ferarri with the others too." I said, "What are you doing in town? How did it happen?"

"I came with Jed. He's flying to Europe on business and I came along as far as New York. He's bought me a Mercedes and I convinced him it would be a wonderful chance for me to have a holiday while he's gone. I'm picking up the car and driving it back to Chicago myself."

"Is he still in town?"

"Yes. I'm supposed to be seeing a show. He's up to his ears in overseas sales and expansion plans."?

"Have you eaten?" I said. "I was thinking of going out."

She shook her head, her eyes on mine. Then she did something that started my pulse hammering. She was wearing gloves, short wrist-length gloves. She pulled them off slowly and dropped them beside her on the bed without ever taking her eyes away from mine and got up and came over to

"I couldn't stay away, Max," she said. "I tried but I couldn't stay away."

An aching warmth uncoiled in my groin and I reached for her, encircling the supple waist with both hands and pulling her against me. Her lips were even softer than I'd remembered. I kissed her lightly at first, tasting the scent of her mouth, then hungry and hard and long, tasting her pink pointed tongue. I came up for air and she kept kissing me, sharp nibbling little kisses, her arms creeping up my chest, over my shoulders and around my neck. Our eyes were inches apart and I could feel the warm breath on my throat. I ran my hands over the wonderful inward curve of the small of her back and down along the taut roundness of her hips. They trembled under my hands and through the material of her skirt I could feel the raised edge of her panties where they circled the tops of her

"Max," she whispered, "undress me."

She was on tiptoe, pressed tight against me, straining. Her hands pulled my head down and her mouth was leaving lipstick on my ear. I was like a blinded stallion. The blood pounded in my fingertips as they found the zipper to her skirt. She was breathing yes in my ear, touching it with the tip of her tongue and I felt exactly like a pinless grenade lobbing slowly over and over through the air, preparing to explode.

After, lying naked on the bed in the dark with the warm neon redness of the Manhattan night coming through the windows of the room like the glow of coals, she said. "Max?"

"Uh huh."

"What are you going to do now about



"I'LL BE RIGHT OUT," he said, and I had no idea I was looking at his last painting



"SORRY, BUSTER," I said, hitting him, "butlers are supposed to let people in"

"This is a hell of a thing to tell a client but I don't know for sure."

She moved her hand up over mine and pressed it warmly against her face. "What would I have done without you, Max? How could I have faced this?"

"I want that ten grand you promised me." I said.

"Is that all you ever think of, money?"
"That's all right, I'll take it out in trade."

I could feel her laughing then and I bent over and smothered the laugh in her mouth with my own. Things started happening again but she pushed me away gently and she got up.

"I've got to go, Max. He'll be waiting for me."

She dressed and I lay on the bed with both hands beneath my head staring at the ceiling, at the dim burning of the night, and for the first time in too long felt inside the wonder of wholeness and content.

She came over to the bed and leaned over me. I felt cool fresh lips on my forehead and smelled the scent of her hair as it brushed the bridge of my nose.

The light from the hall slashed into the room and I heard the door close.

I started on Ferarri the next morning. From Rosco Shedd, the girlie booking agent, I got a small lead, the name of Ferarri's agent. He was a beet-faced, sourhearted guy with a matchbox office in the Brill building. Albert Cullen lettered in faded gold on the glass door. From him, I got Ferarri's last New York address. It was a small, garbage-littered brownstone on the east side. The hall was deserted and I rifled through the pile of letters and magazines on a three-legged table in the hall and found one addressed to him, postmarked San Francisco. The name Julian Marks was written over an embossed return address on a hotel called The Devilon

House—a fine hostelry since 1908. The letter inside was dated July 28th:

Dear Dino,

Well I guess you can see I made it to Frisco okay. I wish to hell I'd stayed in the east.

I stopped at the Lido in Chi on the way through and sat in on a couple of sessions. I got an offer to go with this Valdez cat and I wished I'd have grabbed it now but I had this deal with Flynn and I thought I was in with Flynn. Ha ha ha. They get a swinging crowd there. You should dig it.

Dino the reason I'm writing is I lost a package of special reeds I had and I think I might have left them over at your pad. I would appreciate it if you find them if you would send them to me at this address. Thanks. Maybe if this Flynn gets too much for me I'll see you in Chi. Love and kisses.

I stood there holding the letter in my hand.

The place Marks had mentioned. The Lido Lounge.

I remembered the afternoon she'd paid off Rasmussen. It was before Ferarri knew she'd hired me. I'd been no more than a foot from Dino Ferarri that afternoon. No wonder the picture from Cullen had seemed vaguely familiar.

It was the piano player.

The goddamned piano player.

Like a tired Italian count wearing dark glasses. I'd even told him I liked his playing. I could have reached out and touched him there at the bar. He'd gone into the back before Naomi came in. He'd probably watched her pay off Rasmussen, then gone to the Corinth to keep his appointment.

From what he'd apparently told Marks he was going to Chicago for a while. He was probably still there. I was betting he was.

It was only after lunch that I did what I really knew I was going to do all along.

I stepped into a booth and called the number Roscoe Shedd had given me for Naomi's old roommate Paula Norman. There were things about Naomi I just had to have told me.

Paula was married to a musician named Kramer now, but she wasn't reluctant to talk about the days when she'd known Naomi, and I got a capsule history of Naomi's years in New York. It was not, you might say, altogether pleasant, that is, you might say it if you were Naomi's lawyer defending her on some charge or other. If you were the prosecuting attorney, you'd be lot more explicit.

She started out wanting to be an actress, but she didn't photograph well, so after that it was marry a rich man or die trying. There'd been the business with Parminter, then a small thing with an advertising man named Jerry Brocking who serviced Parminter Textiles, then a little hot kneesies with Jed's son, Marston Crain, who was a painter, and finally a very sudden, very jackpot marriage to the old man, and in between and around all this, lots of bed talk with Dino Ferarri.

She was, obviously, a girl who got along well with men. But then, considering the equipment I myself could vouch for, that wasn't surprising.

I left Paula's feeling like the iron lantern

Mrs. O'Leary's cow had kicked and grabbed the first cab that came along.

"The nearest bar," I said.

I had achieved a vague 90-proof state of boozy complacency by the time I returned to the hotel a little after five. The room swayed just a little, like a barge moving in a gentle swell and beneath me the bed was exceeding soft. The image of her hair came, fanned out like a black and fragrant mist, and I heard her saying, "Ask me anything you want, Max. I'll tell you anything you want to know."

I was just about to crawl into bed when she called.

"I think Ferarri's in Chicago," I said. I gave her a brief rundown. "I'd better be catching an early plane."

There was a long pause at the other end of the wire.

"I'm driving back to Chicago," she said softly. "You could go back with me. We could make it in two days easily."

And two nights, I thought. "How smart would that be?" I said. "Cain, I mean."

"Don't you want to, Max?"
"Sure I want to," I said.

She was wearing a red cashmere sweater that did for her what only a cashmere can do and the silken mass of her thick black hair was drawn back in a casual pony tail. Snug black toreador pants encased her round thighs and as my eyes registered their approval she leaned across the seat, laughed softly, and handed me the key to the trunk.

"Very nice," I said. "Does she go?"

The Mercedes was some car. Germanbuilt torque wrench precision without the sofa seats and the sappy chrome. I could feel the checkreins on those wild horses under the hood as she tooled it from Manhattan to New Jersey.

WE were somewhere on the other side of Harrisburg and it was getting light when we turned off the turnpike and spotted a motel vacancy sign burning with a forlorn cold light in the gray dawn mist.

The proprietor came out in a flannel bathrobe. He looked around 60 or so and wore steel-rimmed glasses. He said all he had was a double. I said that was fine. I registered as Mr. and Mrs. James LaBow of St. Louis, paid him and he gave me the key. We had number 12. Second unit from the end, he said. The light in the office was out before I got back to the car.

I drove down to number 12 and we got out. She stretched lazily, not saying anything, and looked around. Then she looked at me. Her eyes were half closed, dark and full under the thick lashes, heavy-lidded with a look that wasn't asleep and I thought about that double bed.

When I turned she was waiting in the middle of the room, her hands down at her sides. I slipped out of my coat and dropped it on the bed. I walked over to her slowly and when I was inches from her I reached out and touched her breasts. Her eyes seemed to fill her face. She didn't move. Beneath the cashmere sweater I felt the thin material of her bra and the soft flesh pushing against the wool. I moved my hands slowly.

She gave a low murmuring cry and came into my arms, the woman weight of her soft and heavy against me, her arms around my neck, her hands in my hair. I

kissed her and her mouth was melting butter and honey.

She wriggled away and I pulled her back and kissed her some more. She laughed deliciously and reached up and held my face between her hands.

"Wait, Max," she whispered, "Let me go." her hands traveled down the front of my shirt plucking at the buttons and came to a stop at my belt buckle. She gave it a tug. I finished the job, throwing my clothes on the floor.

When I turned to her she was watching me. Our eyes met and I sank down on the edge of the bed. As though I had made a sign she stepped out of her slippers and with a deft motion of one foot swept them aside. It was like the beginning of a rite . . . unhurried . . . deliberately slowed.

She undressed with a sinuous grace as erotic as a pagan sex goddess, unashamed, tantalizing me with the ritual. She unbuttoned the sweater and dropped it to the floor. Underneath was a black bra molded to her breasts like a band of smoke. She bent from the waist, reaching behind to unhook it, and it came away like a live thing, slithering down her arms and leaving her naked breasts like ivory goblets in the gloom.



"OUT OF MY HOUSE, Raven," Crain screamed, "my wife is private property"

It was wildness.

She clung to me afterward in the large bed and began talking about Cain. How it was with him. She hated it. His demands were not strong but he had lost the ability and not the urge. The urge in old men took strange and sickening ways with women. I was curious and yet didn't like hearing of it. Perhaps she sensed it because she stopped.

She had thought of leaving him but she was afraid.

"But why," I said. I raised up on one elbow and looked down at her. "He's wealthy. You could get a large settlement. You're still young."

"He'd fight me, Max, fight me all the way. He'd never let the Cain name be dragged through a divorce hearing."

"That's Victorian," I said.

"He's almost 70. He was born in 1889."
"All right," I said. "So he thinks different.
You can't be serious though. A divorce
proceeding can be one of the quietest things
you ever heard of."

"No," she said. "You're wrong, Max. Not when the name is Cain. He would never stand for being made a fool of. And that's how he would see it. As he looked to the public. A lecherous old man being made a fool of by me."

I sank back down and looked up at the dark ceiling.

"No," she said. "He bought me and he's going to keep me. I can only hope he dies before I'm too old to care."

I swore at the ceiling. I swore at the things that move us like puppets outside of all sense or will. "You didn't have to marry him," I said.

I must have dropped off but my sleep could not have been sound. Something awakened me. It was still early morning and I was alone in the bed.

I turned over slowly thinking she had moved into the other bed. Then I saw her. Perhaps it had been the thin sound of the heavy zipper on my bag that woke me. She had it open on the top of a waist-high glass-topped bureau and was bending over it intently, standing naked with her back turned three-quarters to me. I could see her hands going through my things. Then she found what she was looking for.

I had known what it would be. A large yellow envelope. Inside were the two pictures I had taken from Parminter and kept. The two nudes I hadn't been able to burn. She had seen it when I came back to the hotel. She had seen me put it away in the drawer of the desk.

I watched with a sick feeling as she opened the envelope and took them out. She looked at them and then checked the envelope again. Then she looked quickly over toward the bed and, before the surprise came, her face had that same old tender expression I had seen before. It made my shame even more humiliating somehow.

"So now you know," I said. My face was flushed. I could feel the blood pounding close to the skin.

"It wasn't a nice thing to have to do," she said. She was agitated and there was just the suggestion of a quaver in her voice. "I couldn't stand it. When you said it was just some personal things I thought . . ." Her voice caught.

"You thought I'd kept the pictures. You couldn't be sure but then there was the envelope. The right shape, the right size. So you decided it might be better if we took this little trip so you could make sure."

"You're wrong, Max," she said softly. "I might have thought that but I trusted you. I talked you into driving back because I wanted to be with you."

What could I say? It was true. I was caught in a sneaky sort of shuffle and looking for excuses that weren't there. It was difficult meeting her eyes.

"Why did you keep these?" she said.
"What can I say?" I said finally. "The
woman in them was too beautiful. I
couldn't. It was a stupid thing to do."

She lowered her head and I thought for a moment she was crying. And she was. She came running over to the bed and threw herself on me. I pulled her in under the covers and held her, the long lovely firmness of her curving against me.

She buried her face in my neck and I could feel her lips moving on my skin. "Nights when he's home there are times I think I'm going to lose my mind. I have to sleep with him. He insists on it." Her voice broke and she sobbed softly.

"No," I said. "We could go . . . '

"Wait," she broke in. "Let me tell you. I'm going to leave him. There will be a long time when I won't be able to see you unless it's absolutely safe. You'll have to be patient with me. If I can do it my way he'll give me my freedom and let us alone."

"How are you going to do it?"

"I can't tell you, darling. Not now. You get my pictures and by the time he's back I'll have my plans made."

"How long?"

"Not long. Three months. Perhaps four. Soon, darling. Now that I know I can do it, I'll do it as soon as I can."

Then we were quiet for a long time. I held her close and the early morning sunlight breaking through the slats in the blinds was like pure fire.

We slept late, drove far into the next night, made it to Chicago early in the morning. She dropped me at the airport and I picked up the Chevy and by the time I got to the apartment it was almost seven. I went over what I was going to say until I had it straight and then called the Lido Lounge.

A big mellow voice answered. In the background I could hear a jazz combo apotheosizing "Mood Indigo." I said I was trying to contact a friend of mine who'd said I'd be able to reach him there. His name was Ferarri I said. He played piano.

There was a long pause. I heard the finish of "Mood Indigo" and the click of glassware at the bar. Then he said I must have got a wrong number, wasn't anybody there by that name.

"That's funny," I said. "Is this the Lido Lounge on 63rd?"

He said it was.

"I've got the right place then," I said.
"I told him I might be coming to Chicago and he said I could get him there. Could I leave a message for him?"

There was another long pause. Then he said I could if I wanted, they had a lot of musicians stopped in there.

I said my name was Julie Marks. I'd just got in from San Francisco. I gave him my number for Ferarri to call. He read it back to me and I thanked him.

I put the receiver down slowly. Dino would get the message. I knew it as soon as he'd said he'd never heard of him. Ferarri is an offbeat name. He hadn't asked me to repeat it or how to spell it. Maybe he had a good ear. Maybe he was a champ speller. I didn't think so, though.

I walked around the apartment opening windows and after that there was nothing to do but sit and watch the clock. The big hand crawled along like a snail ascending the Matterhorn. At two in the afternoon my Uncle Nick called. I had asked him to check on the little weasel who'd been at the Club Lido to collect Naomi's dough. My Uncle Nick knows a lot of people.

"Where you been?" he said. "I been trying to get you for two days. His name is Rasmussen. Fits the description you gave me like he was made up for the part. He's got an apartment on Livermore just off Archer. 2938 West Livermore. Apartment 214. It's a dump."

I wrote it down. "How'd you find him?" "You told me he played the horses, remember? I just let the word out to the

books. They know him."

They wouldn't have known him the way I found him, with blood coming out of a hole in his chest. I had a little trouble getting out of the place because as soon as I walked into his room, locked the door and saw him lying there, someone started rattling the latch from the hall.

The room had a glass skylight. I stuck a chair under it and climbed up, grabbing the metal frame and boosting myself out just as the door cracked open. In first came a dame in a negligee. When she saw Rasmussen on the floor, she let out a scream and dropped down to cradle his weasel head. Behind her was a fat-faced cop with a night stick in his hand.

I went down the fire escape. The mouth of the alley came out almost where I'd parked the Chevy. On Archer a prowl car passed me headed in the opposite direction. The siren wasn't screaming but they were

in a hurry.

I thought it over as I drove up Archer to State and then north across the Loop. The more I thought about it the better it fit and the less I liked it but it fit so I had to check it out. I pulled up at a drugstore on Chicago Avenue and called her. I told her what had happened and asked her for Marston Cain's address. First she was puzzled, then she said quietly, "You're not saying Marse is . . . ?"

"Hard telling. Maybe not, Depends on

the trail he left if any. I could be wrong."

"Oh, Max, I hope you are."

"I do too," I said. And lead or no lead I meant it.

As it turned out, it was no lead at all. Because just two minutes after Marston Cain let me into his studio and excused himself, I heard the shot. He was dead by the time I got into the bedroom. That was two corpses in one day. I was beginning to think I was bad luck.

I went down the stairs two at a time. Had Marston Cain murdered Rasmussen? It figured. His putting one in his head when I came calling made it look that way. But why? I wish I knew the answer to that one.

I tried to think about Ferarri. My only hope now was the message at the Lido Lounge. I hoped that Julie Marks was the

nicest guy Ferarri had ever known.

When it got dark I went to eat, I don't know now what I ate, but a lot of drinks must have preceded dinner because I can't remember getting home. I do remember waking up later, on the couch, the phone ringing. It was Butterball, with a voice as unctuous as thickened cream.

"Oh, yes," I said, remembering. "The desk clerk at the Corinth Hotel."

"That's right," he said, "only I'm not there any more. I changed jobs just this week. That's why I called. Do you remember a Mr. Weaver you were asking me about?"

"Of course," I said. "What about him." "Well," he said. "It's a funny thing. There's a gentleman here at the Lawrenton

where I'm working now who's almost a dead ringer for him only he's registered here under the name of Ferarri."

The Lawrenton was on North Dearborn. I was there in less than half an hour. I would have given him anything he wanted but he settled for fifty to passkey me into Mr. Ferarri's room. He even promised to keep an eye out and ring once on the phone if he saw him come in. I couldn't have been in the room more than five minutes when it rang.

I moved over beside the door, eased the .38 out and waited. He came in fast, switched on the light and was slipping out of his coat before he knew it. Then he paused with his coat halfway off, and the way he paused I knew he had made me.

"Go ahead," I said. "Get comfortable. We've got a lot to kick around."

He looked at the gun. Very cool. "Where are they?" I said.

"Oh, really . . ."

I stepped over to him in two quick, long strides and hit him in the face with the side of the .38, with the sharp edge of the cartridge cylinder. Like most of the suedeglove school he hadn't expected it-they never do-and he staggered over to one side, colliding with the bed and almost falling on it.

"Okay," I said. "Now let's cut the George

Sanders crap."

He took his hand away from his cheek and stared at the red smear of blood. He looked at me. "Boy, you're a tough son of a bitch, aren't you?" he said. "Well, I've got news for you. She's buying them back."

If he'd wanted to catch me by surprise

"What do you mean she's buying them back?"

He smiled. "Rather an exotic doll for you, isn't she?" he asked softly. "I imagine most of your bed partners need dental work and their undies luxed, huh, shamus?"

"Tell me about her buying them back." "What's there to tell?" he said. "I saw her tonight. She's buying them back. Get her on the phone and ask her yourself."

"Save the routine," I said. "Now do I get them or does it have to be messy?" "Raven, I have reasons why . . ."

"All right," I said. "You've got reasons. I've got a method. Take off your belt, toss it over and turn around."

I pulled his hands in back of him. I wrapped the belt around the wrists, making it tight enough to hurt. I slipped the end through the buckle and pulled it until I could just barely secure it at the farthest hole. His hands started turning purple.

"You're not going to get anything this

way," he said.

"I've got a watch," I said. "C'mon."

He came over and I sat him down with his bound arms around the back of the chair. I remembered how he was playing that piano the afternoon at the Lido Lounge. "The hands will hurt for a while," I said. "Then they'll get numb and you won't be able to feel them at all."

I went over and opened the top drawer of the bureau.

"Shouldn't take long to go through a room like this," I said. I started through the drawer, piling stuff on top of the bureau as I emptied it. When it was bare I swept it back in and started on the second drawer. "I heard you play once," I said.

"The thing that's bad about cutting off the circulation in a guy's hands," I said, "is if you cut it off too long, they sort of starve. Something happens to the nerves. They're never the same afterward."

I picked through the third drawer.

He didn't answer. I went back to the drawer. More shirts, underwear, socks, a pair of expensive shoe trees, a metronome in a polished wood case, and then down underneath the shirts, I found a small, flat, battered black box. It wasn't pictures or negatives but it was paydirt all right.

H. For heroin.

"Now we know why Dino never made the big time," I said.

He stared at the items on the spread. "See what it'll get you," he said.

"I think some pictures."

He snorted.

"Was that the reason for the hurry when you came in?" I said. "You were tearing off that coat like the itch was on. How long since the last one? Four hours? Five?"

In the end, it took well over an hour. He had guts but not the kind to withstand that particular make of thumb-screw. I sat and smoked and looked over at him once in a while and waited. Then I looked over at him and he was crying softly.

After I gave him a fix, he produced the package from a locked suitcase in the closet.

I picked up the package and tore off the rest of the masking tape. There were six more of the 8 x 10 prints, two complete sets of smaller prints, copies of the originals, and two envelopes. One of the envelopes had the words copy neg. scrawled on it in pencil. There were seven negatives inside. The second envelope had nothing on it to indicate what it contained. I opened it. Inside was another set of small prints. I took them out and looked at the first one. I was totally unprepared. A trembling started in my knees.

There were four of them, dog-eared, the glossy surface smudged as if they'd been around and handled for a while. They were amateurish and crude but not so crude that detail was obscured. The focus was sharp, the naked man and woman unsparingly revealed. Except for the woman's face. The angle from which they'd been shot was such that her face was turned away and hidden. All you could see was the profile of her brow and cheekbone. As though she had known the pictures were being taken and had turned her face away deliberately. But a husband or a lover would have known her from the beauty mark on the shoulder, the pale voluptuous body.

I knew who she was.

Jedediah Cain would have known.

I knew the man too. He was younger in the pictures, with a trace of adolescence still. I knew now why Marston Cain had killed himself.

And then I heard a sound from the bed. Ferarri was sitting up, watching me with bright eyes. "I see you've uncovered the real prize," he said.

"Tell me about those pictures of Marston Cain," I said.

"Listen, Raven," he said quickly. "Don't you see what they are? This is loot, man. This is worth a fortune. The ones of Parminter are nothing compared to these."

I started around the bed. He was boxed in on the other side with no place to go.

"Jesus," he said, his eyes wide. "Why?

She's a tramp, man." He reached suddenly and grabbed his coat on the bed. Before I could move he had reached into the pocket. "Here," he said. "Here. I hadn't seen her in years until tonight. She picked me up in her car. A Lincoln convert." His hand came out, clutching something loose and black. He tossed it at me. I threw out my hand and it slithered across the back of it and into my face. It was silky. Cool on my face and perfumed faintly with a fresh astringent fragrance I knew like my own name.



"FORGIVE ME, MAX," Naomi said, crying, "I didn't mean to kill all those people

It fell to the floor, a pair of women's panties. I hit him and felt the jar wrench my shoulder. He slid down the wall like a punctured bag of sand and I kicked him in the face.

Something crumpled softly and saved me from killing him.

I had never kicked a man in the face before. It had broken his nose and maybe his cheekbone. I had felt the bone go. I stood over him, clenching and unclenching my fists, forcing myself not to kill him.

I went over and picked up the pictures from the floor. I snapped my fingers in his face and his eyes opened. I held up the pictures. "Tell me about these now," I said.

He started to say something and stopped. The left side of his upper lip had begun to swell and it made talking hard.

"It was her idea," he said thickly. "He wanted to marry her, you know, but he had some crazy idea of telling his old man to shove his money which made her frantic."

She had planned it after she knew Marston Cain was serious about the money. The idea had come from her experience with Parminter of course. Knowing the puritanical streak in the older Cain, she had decided Marston could be made to pay off in a similar setup with the additional attraction that her own face need not show at the time the pictures were taken.

"Where did these come from?" I said.
"It was a fluke," he said. "Pure fluke. She was right about Cain. After he knew he'd been had, he paid off. Fifteen grand. She gave him the prints and the negatives. That was the end of it as far as she was concerned.

"But the kid still had them. He kept them. I spotted him the day you tried to jump Rasmussen. He followed us when we left the Corinth and I recognized him. He doesn't know me. Never did. I started wondering what he was doing mixed up in it. He couldn't have been helping her so he must have known what we had and was trying to get it for himself. Presumably to get back at her for marrying the old man. I even thought about selling them to him for a big price and then I got to wondering about those pictures she had given him for 15 grand. The rest you can guess."

"You got into his place and searched and he still had them."

He nodded. "It was so easy it would be funny if he hadn't killed Rasmussen and then himself "

"That's why you were letting her have the others then," I said. "You had these and you were going to bleed them both."

I gathered up the pictures, all of them, and put them back in the ruins of the package. I walked carefully over to the phone and lifted it and dialed.

A bored, sleepy, cigar-chewing voice answered at the other end and I said, in a very low voice, "Get this the first time because I'm only going to say it once." Then I waited for a second and said, "I want to report a narcotics addict. Room 715. Lawrenton Hotel in North Dearborn."

HEN I went to see Jedediah Cain.

I had to bull my way past the butler to get in. I was going to show Cain the kind of woman he had married. But it didn't work out that way.

He bent over them for a long time. I saw his old man's hands touch them and pick them up one by one as if he were memorizing them.

He reared out of the chair and his face was terrible, a death mask of fierce lines, the eyes bulging with rage.

"FILTH," he screamed at her. "Dirty filth, you . . ." and he lurched toward her.

He got halfway to her when his face contorted horribly and he rocked to a stop. His whole body rippled in a giant con-vulsion. He lay there on the floor gasping and another convulsion seized him and then he was perfectly still.

It had happened in the space of seconds. I stood staring down at what had been Jedediah Cain.

I heard her saying something about his heart.

I went over to the desk trying not to let it run wild in my mind. She was standing watching me. Something about junkies was pushing at my brain. Ferarri saying he'd had her in the car.

Then I remembered what it was about junkies. I remembered that a guy on the needle wouldn't care if he never saw the last woman on earth again. If he had her panties it was because she had given them to him for a reason.

She must have known the minute I fig-

"Naomi," I said, "God in Heaven."

She had an odd strained expression then and took a half step toward me, partially lifting her hand almost as if to comfort me. "Max," she said falteringly. "I'm sorry."

She took another half step toward me. "Max," she pleaded. "He was old. He would have died soon."

I felt as though my head were going to burst. "You planned it," I said. "You planned it all along. From the first day you walked into my office you knew it was going to end this way."

"Max," she whispered and there were tears in her eyes. "Don't turn away, Max. Please." She bit her lip hard and then she said, "Yes. I did. I planned it from the beginning but not Marse. I swear not Marse. Then tonight when you came here I wanted to stop the whole thing but I couldn't."

I stood there, unable to speak. Then I turned slowly and walked out. . .

She phoned me three times. I wouldn't talk to her.

It was just midnight. There was a soft knock at the door. I think I must have known who it was. I got up out of bed and asked who was there.

"Max, it's Naomi," she said. "Let me in. I must talk to you. Please. . . ."

"Go away," I said. 'I don't ever want to see you again."

I backed away from the door.

Her voice went on but I could not hear the words.

I managed to convince myself for two days that I didn't want to see her again and then, not even aware of any conscious decision, I found the phone in my hand.

There was a short pause and then a strange voice said, "I'm very sorry, sir, you probably haven't heard. Mrs. Cain committed suicide. She has been dead for the past two days."

HERE was only one last question. If left unanswered it would have made it possible for me to drive her from my mind. to hate her.

Why had she taken the pictures of herself with Marston and blackmailed him?

I called Johnny Latimer at Intercontinental in New York.

The next morning Johnny's letter came, special delivery, with the bill. There was a list of 13 names.

Her pictures were ready in the afternoon. I enclosed one with each copy of a letter I had written. A week went by before I got a reply.

His name was Marcos Cronin and he ran a place called the Pine Glen Rest and Health Lodge in the Catskills. The woman in the picture I'd sent him, he said, had been a patient at his establishment for three months during the time I'd specified.

So then I knew.

The Pine Glen Rest and Health Lodge and all the other places on the list Johnny had sent me were very private, very expensive, voluntary retreats specializing in the treatment of narcotics addiction cases.

After she had split with Ferarri she would have had just about enough left of the \$15,-000 to pay the fare.

I think that months have gone by but I am not sure. Time has little meaning now. I remember the taste of her ripe soft

mouth and the smell of her. One night she will beckon and I will

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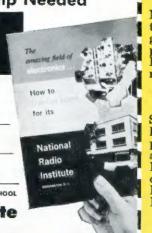
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